

# Arthur St. Clair



By S. A. D. WHIPPLE





Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**

























VIRGINIA

[Arthur St. Clair.]—Frontis.



# ARTHUR ST. CLAIR OF OLD FORT RECOVERY

BY  
S. A. D. WHIPPLE



BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

*835 Broadway, New York*

BRANCH OFFICES:  
INDIANAPOLIS,

WASHINGTON,  
NORFOLK,

BALTIMORE  
DES MOINES, IOWA



PZ3  
W5778  
Ar

COPYRIGHT, 1911,  
By  
S. A. D. WHIPPLE.

21

\$1.50

©Cl.A297586

No. 1



## DEDICATION

This volume is dedicated to the memory of the soldiers and pioneer women who, in their efforts to stamp the progress of civilization upon the unbroken forest of the Northwest Territory, lost their lives at the battle of St. Clair's defeat, fought on the present site of the little city of Ft. Recovery, Ohio, on the banks of the Wabash River, November the 4th, 1791.

What they suffered for humanity's sake we shall never know, and what humanity owes to their memory is but poorly paid in keeping alive in both tradition and legend their heroic deeds.

THE AUTHOR.







## NOTE

In the preparation of this little volume the author is indebted to Henry Howe's History of Ohio, Judge Samuel F. Hunt's lecture on St. Clair's Defeat delivered at Ft. Recovery on the fourth day of November, 1791; Headley's "Washington and his Generals," from each of which many valuable historical facts were taken. The chapters relating to the battle are historically true, except the personal experiences of "Major Arthur." The name of Arthur St. Clair, the hero, is used for the purpose of perpetuating that name with the greatest Indian battle ever fought.

THE AUTHOR.







## PROLOGUE

Twilight is gathering on the wings of night, as the last golden ray of the setting sun shines beautifully o'er the surrounding landscape, painting everything it touches in radiant hues, while the distant mountain tops sparkle as though they were studded with nature's rarest gems. Yet, far below in the valley, the shades of evening have deepened into night's sombre curtain, and all nature is gently folding her arms in peaceful slumber.

Upon this panorama gazes a young man, but with little interest in the beauties that surround him, for oft had the same picture wooed his attention, and oft had the same grand Old Sol, in his diurnal course, spread his sheen of golden light upon the crystal peaks of the distant mountains; and oft had he watched the shadows deepen o'er the sleeping valley, which lay at his feet, stretching far to the north and south. So to one who was accustomed to the changing scenes of the golden sunset amid mountain fastness, there was not fascination enough to divorce the silent figure from thoughts unmixed with the immediate surroundings—thoughts which seriously held him within their grasp, as by enchantment.

Deeper and darker grow the shadows all up and down the valley, until the most familiar objects can no longer be discerned with certainty. The distant



## Prologue

---

church spire, though white as Carrara, has mingled her purity with the mists of the surrounding shadows, and now the only object to be distinguished is the lofty mountain peak, whose sparkling crest still holds communion with the light of day.

Up from the darkness of the valley comes a breath of autumn, creeping first where the shades are deepest, feeling its way cautiously but surely, as silently it wends o'er mountain glade and glen, but unnoticed by the silent dreamer, whose intense earnestness has immuned him against the evening chill, for he has not moved or changed his position, but remains immovable and fixed like a statue.

Is he held by a dream of youth, or boyish fancy? Is he building castles, or is he brooding over some imaginary wrong, for which he is working out the full measure of revenge? Perhaps it is the first love storm that has wrecked him upon the rocks of disappointment.

The spell at last is broken, and now he looks down in the valley, but look earnestly as he may not a single object responds to his searching inquiry, and the most familiar things assume grotesque and fantastic forms. The picturesque rocks are metamorphosed into gigantic monsters, and sublime nature wears the garb of awful forebodings.

There alone, seated upon a huge boulder, far above the roadway, Arthur St. Clair, like Prometheus bound, waits ready to burst into a realm of joy at the first gleam of light that should come forth through the gloom of shadows, from a point far down the valley.

At last, there! there! a faint gleaming ray of light burst forth on the wings of night, from where Arthur



## Prologue

---

has long been expecting it. Faint and modest, 'tis true, scarcely discernible, but quite sufficient for a message of love, and to the one who understood it all, it was a world of light. Two hearts separated by family feuds beat as one. Virginia Luwelling, with a burning faggot, had made the sign of a circle, which conveyed the message to Arthur that her love for him was without end.

A maiden fair with hazel eyes  
    Stood near her father's open door,  
While all around the evening skies  
    Cast their gloomy shadows o'er;  
And with a faggot, its light portend,  
    A circle, round and true,  
As across the gulch and over the glen,  
    Its burning blaze as quickly flew;  
A loving message it did send,  
    That her love for him was without end.







# Arthur St. Clair of Old Fort Recovery

## CHAPTER I

### MOTHER AND SON

One autumn evening, in a small, neat cottage amid the mountains of New York State, sat a middle-aged lady by an open fireplace. The wood burned and sent forth a soft mellow light, and in this warmth and glow, she rocked back and forth, in deep meditation. Her thoughts, whatever they were, at the sound of approaching footsteps, ceased, and she waited and listened to ascertain the visitor. And noting that it was her own son, she accosted him with her usual familiar salutation:

"Is that you, Arthur?"

"Yes, mother."

"I am glad that you have come, for I have been waiting for your return that we might have a bite of supper and cup of tea. Where have you been, my son? I just suspect that you have been up at Big Rock, gazing over toward Old Jim Luwalling's."

"You are quite right, my dear mother, in your



## Arthur St. Clair

---

guessing; but I am afraid that I shall never be able to get any closer to them than Big Rock. There seems to be an indescribable something, an immovable barrier between us, which I cannot locate, nor even fathom. How I wish that I might know why it is so, and what it is all about. It seems strange to me, indeed. Everybody says that Luwalling is a good man, and why his friendship should be so rigidly withheld from you and me, mother, I cannot understand. I am sure that you have never done him any harm, and I know of nothing, which I have ever said, at which he could take offense. There must be some harm, and I know of nothing which I have ever said at which he could take the least offense. There must be some deep-seated grievance, a malice of old standing, buried beneath the lapse of other years, but not so deeply but what its grinning visage is constantly with us."

"There! There, my son! You are running away with yourself. You know, I have promised that I would tell you some day the secret of the discord between Luwalling and ourselves, but I cannot do so now. Some time I shall tell you the story of all our wrongs, but not to-night. It is quite a long narrative, and I have not the heart to take up the theme this evening. I am also fearful that when I shall have told you your young mind will be fired with the flame of revenge, for which I shall have cause to regret. I should much rather that you would not allow Luwallings to come into your thoughts at all; and, by excluding them, you would not be desirous to have me unfold to you that which has been a



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

sealed volume for a great many years, although by no means forgotten."

"This, my dear mother, cannot be. It is quite impossible for me to keep out of mind those who so much interest me. To drive them away is useless, for they come scampering back again—constantly returning. Is there no way, mother, in which our differences, whatever they are, can be settled?"

"I suspect that there is no possible means of adjusting the existing conditions. However, some day it will all be settled. Time smooths out the furrowed frown of malice, and dissipates our deepest malevolence. So some time you will know the facts, and then you can form your own opinion, and perchance it may devolve upon you to reunite the once strong bonds of friendship that were shattered by an awful and dreadful wrong. Deep seated is the grievance and well and firmly burned into the heart by the iron of hatred, but you, my son, may find a way by which the clouds of discord can be dispelled. However, I'll warrant that you will no doubt find Jim Luwalling will be against you to the last, and will not listen to your overtures of peace. But whatever you may do, guard the good name of your father, and make no compromise that will bring reproach upon yourself or taint the name of St. Clair."

"Virginia Luwalling, as I hear, is a model young lady and very beautiful. It has been years since I saw her, but I remember when she was quite a small girl that she oftentimes came with her father to our house. She was at that tender age a very sensible child, pretty and obedient, and she and you, Arthur,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

were quite fond of each other, and I'll guess Auntie still remembers your childish pranks and——"

"Lawd bress yo', Honey, Ah guess Ah does, and Ah done won't fohgot 'em vahy soon neever!" spoke Aunt Chloe.

"Why, Honey, when you's two all done go ridin' on dem dah big, little old, young, Sheplum ponies, Ah wah jis afeerd yoah gwine to ride right ober me, und Ah most sprained mah hind ankle trying to get out ob de road. But dem dah days ain't no moah now, and Ah specs dah ain't gwine be any moah veah soon, not foah me, Ah am most suah 'bout dat.

"Say, Honey! One day Ah disremember dat youah and Jinnie jis com'd riding as fas' as yo' could com', und yo' pony done stumble an' fall down, und Jinnie she wah so close hind yo' she could not stop h'ah pony, and so boaf of dem piled up dah, and it jis look pow'ful scanlus foah a while. Oh! Ah jis done got de pal'pation of de ha't so bad Ah could'n scarcely walk, and Ah nebber zacly got ober it, leastways Ah feel pow'ful fluttahin' on mah right side whenebber Ah's scha'ed.

"Say, Honey, when yoah ponies done fall down we all jist s'posed yo' wah bof killed dead, and Ah done tried to run wah you wah, but Ah dis could'n move a step, till Ah seed yo', Mas'r Artie, jump up and Jinnie she done got up and com'd runnin' and laffin' like she wah jist tickle to def.

"Dem wah suah 'nuff happy days. But Ah don't spec ebbah to see no moah sich good times. Ah jist tole yoah Mas'r Artie dah ain't bin no big 'mount sunshine ebber since yoah foddah and Jim Luwallin' done went away wid dat big drove ob cattle and——"



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"There now, Aunt Chloe, that will do. I much prefer that you would not be telling Arthur anything about such matters."

"Go on, Auntie, I am just dying to hear you tell it all," says Arthur."

"No! no! 'tain't nuffin. Ah hain't said a woud."

"Please, mother, let Auntie tell me all she can, and then you can tell me the rest."

"Shuah nuff, Ahtie, Ah done know nuffin' at all to tell yo'."

"Mother, please tell about my father and all about our past life. I want to know it all—the whole story. I can just remember my father, and it is only from you that I may expect to learn more about him."

"You are quite right, my son, and it is but natural that you should desire to know something of your father."

"I wish you would tell me all you can, every little thing about ourselves, and all about the Luwallings. I am quite old enough and should know the past, that I may better govern myself in the future. I must know it! I cannot wait! And if you do not tell me, mother, I will bribe Aunt Chloe to tell me."

"No, sah! No, indeed, chile! Dah am no bribin' in dah case. When missum done say not to tell yo' nuffin, den yoah see Ah knows no moah dan an ostah."

"I am very glad, Aunt Chloe, that you have regarded my wishes in this matter, for I want to tell Arthur myself, lest he should get a wrong impression, and this I mean to do within a fortnight."

"Why not to-morrow, mother? It is Sunday, and a most favorable time, I am sure."



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"Very well, my son, if I am not feeling too poorly, I shall undertake to tell you something, at least, if not all. I trust I shall please you, Arthur, by fulfilling my oft-repeated promise, and I hope I shall not desecrate the Sabbath by so doing."

"Oh! thank you, mother! Thank you!" and rising from his seat in the chimney corner, Arthur St. Clair strode across the room to his mother, and stooping down pressed upon her forehead a fervent kiss.

"Good night, mother! Good night, Aunt Chloe!" And with these words Arthur climbed the stairs to his own room to dream of the morrow.

## CHAPTER II

### AUNT CHLOE'S FORTUNE-TELLING

The next morning was Sunday, and it was Arthur's birthday. He was eighteen years old, strong, muscular and rugged; of good habits and excellent deportment. A widowed mother's hope and pride, in whom she saw the perfect type of manhood.

He was very fond of athletics and excelled all his playmates in outdoor exercises practised by the youths of that day. In running and vaulting he was superior to any of his companions, and accepted all challenges, in which he was an easy victor. Standing nearly six feet tall, straight as an arrow, a perfect specimen of human strength and form.

This morning Arthur had risen at his accustomed hour, and went out in a drizzling rain, which was falling with steady downpour, to do some chores.



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

Returning to the house in a short time he found Old Aunt Chloe waiting for him, with a pan of hot biscuits and a pot of hot coffee singing a merry song on a bed of coals in the fireplace. Soon he and the good old colored woman were engaged in a pleasant conversation.

"Auntie, this is a dreadful day, and I am 'most afraid that I shall be compelled to remain indoors all day."

"Hit dun look dat way, Honey, suah nuff. Hit suddenly am scanlus bad weddah, and Ah spec yo' hab t' stay in. My, hit dun mak' my old rumatiz hu't mos' pow'ful."

"Where is mother? Isn't she coming to her breakfast?"

"No, Honey, she dun sed doan feel berry well dis mohnin', and fo' you to skuse her dis time. Sot right down heah, Mastah Artie, by de fire, case yoah close am mos' pow'ful wet."

"Alright, Auntie. My, those biscuits are fine!"

"Yo' all bettah hab a cup of coffee dis mohnin', hit'll make yo' wahm and may be Ah's gwine tell yo' foshen wid de grounds."

"Now, Auntie, if you will do so, I'll drink a cup of coffee, and perhaps two or three of them. But you must tell me something about the past and about our old plantation home in Virginia. This I would much rather know than all you can tell me about the future."

"Why, chile, de coffy grounds don't say nuffin' 'bout de pas'; dey am all 'bout de fushure. You see, Honey, dah am no anxcesity foah prognosticatin' on what am done already happen, but hit am de things



## Arthur St. Clair

---

what's gwine to come to pass dat de grounds tell 'bout. Yoah muddah she gwine told yo' 'bout de pas' an' Ah spec she gwine told you dis mohnin'."

"Did she say so last night, Auntie?"

"She done said she gwine tell yo' and hain't gwine to chu'ch dis mohnin', so she'll hab de time to-day."

"Well, now, Auntie, I have gotten on the outside of three cups of your coffee, and I wish you would look into that cup, and tell me what you can see in there besides the grounds. Tell me all you can. I want to know it all."

"Dis am suttently most pow'ful scanlus. Ah done sca'cely see whah to commence readin'. Well, dat am suhly som'thin' sim'lar, case ebber time Ah turns dis heah cup around Ah done see moah and moah, dat am suttently cuyous. Now, Honey, Ah show yo'. You see dem dah people what's jis kin' o' wa'kin' 'long dah? Well dem's sojahs, and dem folks what's comin' down dis heah way and meetin' des udder sojahs, dem peers like Hinjuns, and Ah wou'd'n be s'prized if dey dun hab trouble, and sumbuddy gwine git hurt."

"My lan, chile, heah am a sojah's cap und unicohn, and yo' gwine to be a sojah, Ah's most suah. Now, jis looken obeah heah, Honey. See dem what's all standin' up? Well, dah am three of dem, and yo' am one of dem, Ah 'low; and hit am a weddin' suah as you am bohn. Yas, sir; dat am de truf. Yo' gwine go'en to got marrah'd and you am gwine to be a sojah!"

"Oh, Auntie, you are so funny, and your fortune-telling is quite interesting; but I can hardly believe that all you have seen in the cup will come true."

"Why, 'deed, chile, Ah done told yo' de truf. De



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

grounds am suah, an dey can't tell nuffin else but de truf, case, Honey, dey done know no bettah. But dis heah on dis side de cup am sum pusson wa'kin' jis like he be gone fo' a long time an' was jis com'en back, an' jis look'en round like he wah los' or sum-then, an' Ah spec dat am yo' faddah."

"Oh! my, auntie, you have told me a great deal; but I have much misgiving about any of it ever coming true. For the present I am more interested in the past, and when once I am acquainted with that which has transpired I shall try and govern myself accordingly."

"Yes, dat am so, Honey. Ah guess, chile, dat Ah done go an' call yo' muddah and see if she gwine git up and hab some breakfast." And across the room to Mrs. St. Clair's chamber she slowly shambled.

"Oh, Missum, am yo' gwine to git up and hab some bre'kfas'?"

"Yes, Chloe, I am coming. You may make me a cup of tea and poach an egg, if you please, and I'll be there directly."

Arthur sat drying his clothes by the kitchen fire while waiting for his mother, whom he was anxious to see. It was only a moment, however, when she came into the room looking a little paler than usual.

"Good morning, my son! How are you?"

"Very well, thank you; and how are you feeling this morning, mother?"

"Not so well. I did not rest last night as I usually do, and I find that I am a little nervous, but it is only a slight matter, and will wear off after a while."

"You are quite pale, mother; is there anything worrying you?"



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"No, my son, there is nothing unusual, although my rest was very much disturbed last night by the winds blowing through the trees and the raindrops pelting against the window-panes. I managed to get a little sleep, and will be my usual self by dinner time. The weather is very inclement, and I shall not go to church to-day.

"Auntie, you may give me another cup of tea, and butter one more hot biscuit for me."

"Yas, Honey, heah am de tea bilen hot, and heah am de biscuit wif de buttah all meltin' on de een-side."

Mrs. St. Clair finished her meal and seemed to enjoy it, and then turning to Arthur said:

"If you will excuse me, my son, I shall lie down for a little while, and see if I cannot sleep off a dull headache, which is troubling me some."

"Certainly, mother! Do lie down, for I know you will feel better after you have taken a nap."

"Arthur, do you know what day this is?"

"Why, yes, it is Sunday, mother, of course; but why do you ask? Oh, I know what you mean, it is my birthday, and I am eighteen years old to-day."

"Dat's right, suah nuff. Led me see, six and five am foteen an three am eigh'een. Yas, sar, dat am right. Yo' am eighteen years old to-day, Honey, and yo' Old Aunt Chloe am gwine to hab a dinnah fo' yo' dat'll be mos' pow'ful good—yas, good nuff foah Gen'l Wash'ton."

"Very well, Chloe, you may do as you like about preparing a dinner, and as Arthur and I have some matters about which we want to talk I shall allow



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

you to arrange just what you want, and hope you may succeed in surprising us most agreeably."

"Ah am suttently gwine to s'prize yo' all dis heah time wid an old-fash'en V'gina dinnah."

"Very well, Chloe. Now, Arthur, I shall lie down for a while and then we will take up the story of our past lives, and go over them together, until you have heard it all."

"Oh, thank you, mother. I am so anxious to hear you tell it that I can hardly find the patience to wait."

After reposing in quiet rest for an hour or so, Mrs. St. Clair arose much refreshed. By this time Aunt Chloe was singing an old plantation melody with all the expression that soul and happiness could put in it, and it was the best evidence in the world that the dinner was moving along at a good gait.

Arthur was ready and anxious to have his mother commence the narrative without delay, and having heard her walking around in her room he called to her, inquiring if she was feeling any better, and receiving the assurance that she was much improved, he waited a moment longer, when his mother appeared and began:

"You will find it quite a long story, and I am most sure that you will have grown tired of it ere it is finished. I shall be as brief as I can, giving such detail as I can remember."



CHAPTER III

A NARRATIVE

"My son, I shall begin my narrative by going back to Old Virginia, the dearest place in all the world to me, the very thoughts of which almost move me to tears. It was here I first met and became acquainted with your father, and I never knew but little of his people. His father and mother lived some distance from our plantation, and they at one time owned many slaves, all of whom were manumitted at the old gentleman's death. His reason for so doing was the fear that they might be sold to the parties who would not treat them as he believed they should be. Aunt Chloe was one of their slaves, but she refused to leave the family, and always said that she would stay with the St. Clairs as long as they would keep her. A short time after the death of your grandfather St. Clair I became acquainted with an army officer in this way:

"During the War of the Revolution General Washington came down into our part of the country with his army and made his headquarters at our house. I remember the incident as though it were yesterday, and it savors a little of romance. Our house stood back quite a distance from the main road, and one day my mother and I were sitting on the old portico and our attention was attracted by a body of troops passing along the highway in plain view, and as we sat there watching them, we were wondering what it all meant. Engrossed in the subject of war and still





The Old Plantation Home.

(Arthur St. Clair.)—P. 22.







## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

watching them, as they slowly moved along, we noticed mounted men approaching the residence, riding at a sharp trot up the broad gravelly way, whom we took to be officers of the army.

"Without halting their steeds they rode quite up to where we were sitting before dismounting. What gallant-looking men they were, with cockade, sabre and trappings, gold epaulets and a profusion of braid. I shall never forget the impression, and as they advanced on foot, mother and I arose to meet them. The officer in advance politely lifted his beaver, and with a friendly, courteous salutation informed us that he was General Washington; that the gentlemen accompanying him were his aides; and that they would like very much to make their headquarters at our house for a few days, at least, if it would not inconvenience us too much.

"My mother very cordially extended her hand to to the General with a reply: 'You are quite welcome, and if you can content yourselves with our bill of fare we shall find it a pleasure to extend to you the hospitality of such as we have. Mr. Allen is away from home for the present, but I feel assured that he would be delighted to receive you if he were here.' To this General Washington answered: 'I thank you very kindly, Mrs. Allen, for this manifestation of interest in our welfare, and assure the appreciation of such kindness cannot be expressed in words.'

"My mother, turning to me, said: 'This is my daughter, General Washington, and not being accustomed to meet such noted gentlemen I was much embarrassed. The General extended his hand, and with a merry twinkle in his eye and a smile upon his lips,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

took my hand in his, and holding it for a moment, said: 'I am delighted to know you, Miss Allen, and hope you will not become frightened at us. True, we are soldiers, but we are not waging war against the daughters of the land, at least those who seem so friendly to us as you and your good mother have been.

" 'However, here is my young friend, Major St. Clair, who is better posted upon all subjects interesting to ladies than I am, and I promise you'll find him quite willing to enter upon the discussion at once.

" 'Major St. Clair, this is Miss Allen, our host's daughter. Doubtless you can convince Miss Allen that you are fighting in a good cause.'

"By this time I was greatly embarrassed—so much so that I cannot remember what, if anything, that I said in reply. The other aide seeing what was coming, followed the servants to the stables, and my mother led the way into the front parlor.

"Our house was quite large, containing a great number of rooms, well lighted and splendidly furnished. Through the building from the front to the rear ran a great broad hallway, both below and above, from which all the rooms could be entered. Near the centre of the hallway arose a broad, old-fashioned staircase, with its great newel post, and hand-carved balusters, with wide easy steps.

"This work was all done in Merry Old England, so legend has it, and brought to this country by one of our early ancestors, and was the pride of our family. The sleeping apartments were all on the second floor, and were large and well-lighted rooms. In the front part of the house, and directly over the drawing-room,



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

was a large chamber to which were attached two smaller ones, forming a suite. My room was just across the hall from the large one. All our servants were colored, who had their apartments in a separate building from the main residence.

"Upon entering the parlor we waited until the General and Major were seated, when my mother called a servant, and gave directions concerning our guests' rooms. Then calling another, he soon returned with a pitcher of sparkling spring water and a tray of glasses. General Washington was quite thirsty, and regaled himself with a second glass.

"We chatted pleasantly for some little time, when my mother arose and announced that the rooms were ready, saying: 'You are evidently quite weary, and the march this hot, dusty day has greatly fatigued you, and a little rest will be much appreciated. My servant here will direct you to your rooms, and remember we dine at six o'clock, sharp.'

"General Washington arose and advanced to the hallway, and pausing with his hat in hand and sabre across his arm, replied: 'I thank you, Mrs. Allen, and I assure you the hour named will suit our convenience, and it shall be our pleasure to govern ourselves accordingly.' With this they slowly ascended the great stairway to their rooms.

"No sooner had they gone than I hastened to my own chamber to arrange my toilet for the dinner, which I knew would be ready in an hour. Looking in the glass I was greatly surprised to see my cheeks in a deep crimson blush, but I thought it was on account of the excitement occasioned by the incidents just passed, and hurried on with my preparation, for



## Arthur St. Clair

---

I knew my mother would not permit me to keep the dinner waiting.

"I could not help pausing now and then to think of General Washington and Major Somebody, whose name I could not call, for I did not understand it. Major was as far as I could get. Then I would compare him with General Washington. He is not quite so commanding as the General, nor not so handsome, but he is—yes, I am sure he is quite handsome. Upon repeating this to myself several times, I chanced to look into my mirror and I discovered that my face was still as red as the rose, and as I stood there meditating, I heard my mother calling for me. Opening my room door I observed a servant, and bade her to take the word that I would be down presently, and for her to return and assist me in dressing.

"Yes, my boy, that old blue silk dress you have observed hanging on the wall in my room is the very one that I wore that day. It was a favorite of your father's, and for that reason I have always prized it so dearly.

"Finishing my toilet I hastened below, and out to the wild rosebush, and pinning a cluster of beauties on my bosom, I ran to my mother and found her in the dining room, directing the servants in the finishing touches of the dinner. 'There, I guess everything is now ready,' my mother said. Just then the old English clock in the hallway began the tolling of the hour of six. A hasty inspection of the table satisfied myself that nothing had been left undone in its preparation, and I turned to my mother, and said, 'I wonder if the General will keep us waiting?' But she assured me that our guests being military men they were



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

doubtless accustomed to severe discipline, and exacting promptness. This was quite true, for on opening the folding doors leading into and connecting the drawing and dining room, we found them waiting for us. 'Well, General Washington, I see that you have kept the hour with precision,' said my mother.

" 'Yes, Mrs. Allen, we will try to conform to the rules of your very excellent home; as officers, who are in the habit of giving commands, must also learn to obey the orders of their superiors. We are therefore at your pleasure.'

" 'Thank you, General; I guess we shall get along nicely, and you may be seated here on my right. Major, you may take your place beside your commander, and, daughter, you may sit opposite the gentlemen. As Mr. Allen is absent, I shall preside over the dinner.'

"My mother was accustomed, in the absence of my father, to drop her head and offer a blessing, and this she would do, no matter who was at the table, and accordingly we paused and listened for her words, which were very touching, and made an impression on General Washington.

" 'Blessed Father, upon these simple bodily refreshments we humbly ask thy blessing. May thy guiding hand point the way that will lead our distinguished guests to victory over our country's enemies. Protect the absent one, and bless us all, and may we come within thy promised eternal bliss. Amen.'

"I thought I saw in General Washington's face some evidence that the blessing or its delivery had touched a responsive chord, but the shadow passed away in a moment, and soon we were engrossed in an animated conversation. My mother was one of



## Arthur St. Clair

---

those good souls that made everybody feel easy and comfortable in her presence, with a fund of wit and humor that always set the table in a roar. The dinner was most enjoyable, and General Washington and the Major waded into it 'like a bound boy at a huskin.' Sitting across the table from the Major, a sea of snowy whiteness between, I occasionally caught a pair of inquisitive optics watching me, and I blushed more than once to find myself an object of so much interest.

"After the dinner we all went out on the broad old veranda, the evening was pleasant and balmy, and for more than an hour we were deeply engaged in a tête-à-tête. My mother and General Washington kept up a running fire of questions and answers, and from what I heard she was quite anxious to get his opinion of the result of the war with England. To be sure the Major and I were quite busily employed on divers subjects apropos of the times.

"We were thus engaged for only a moment, it seemed to me, but, of course, it was much longer, when General Washington arose, advancing toward us, and kindly begged pardon, saying: 'That he had his correspondence to attend to, and if we would excuse him he would retire. The Major seemed to not notice him, and upon reaching the hall door, he paused a moment and slowly turning around, facing us, said: 'Miss Allen, I beg pardon, but, you see, Major St. Clair has been installed as my official amanuensis, and he is so devoted to the work that he insists on penning all of my letters. I regret very much to disturb your enjoyment, but I fear he would feel himself



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

slighted if I should forego his services. You will, therefore, kindly excuse him just this once.'

"The General and Major bade mother and I good night, and slowly climbed the old oaken stairway to their apartments, and all was silent about the premises, except the singing of the darkies out in the old kitchen. They were in much glee and levity at having seen General Washington, and their merry peals of laughter and snatches of song and chorus made the old plantation ring with their melody.

### CHAPTER IV

#### WAR

"Twilight had ceased its gentle glow, and darkness settled o'er the land, and with it came a quiet stillness, except now and then a strain of melody from the servants' quarters, which arose and fell like an occasional billow on a peaceful sea. The officers and soldiers had created a new theme for discussion among the darkies, and they were busily telling and retelling what they had heard and seen during the day.

"There also floated in through my open window the sweet song of the mocking bird, who had builded his nest for years in the branches of a fine old locust tree that stood just out in front of the house. From this place of retreat he made the balmy evening melodious with his soft and gentle notes, and oft have I fallen asleep listening to his gentle song.

"But on this evening I was too much engrossed with



## Arthur St. Clair

---

other subjects to be wooed to sleep by his low, sweet strains. The excitement of the afternoon had somewhat confused me, in fact, I was not a little nervous, and I was anxious to get to myself and think it all over, and, of course, to worry more or less, which seems to have been a natural inheritance of woman. I had therefore retired unusually early to my room, which was just across the hall from General Washington's suite.

"In passing along the hallway, as I went to my bed-chamber, I paused for a moment, which I could not help doing, and waited a little, and as I stood there I could hear the General and the Major conversing earnestly upon some topic, which seemed to be very interesting, but caught only a few words, which were followed by laughter. I afterward learned from the Major that I was the subject of converse, and he the butt of a facetious little episode. Hurrying on to my room, with the intention of retiring at once, something unusual called my attention to a noise on the outside of the house, and I went to the casement and listened.

"Looking out into the darkness, until the eye became accustomed to the shadows, in the light of the half-full moon, I could see, or thought I could see, some one or some object moving to and fro. What was it? What did it mean? Looking intensely, I was able to make out they were men. I was just on the point of raising an alarm, when the thought dawned upon me that they were soldiers guarding our house, because the General and his aides were making their headquarters with us. Armed men walking here and there, the sentinels of the night, to watch



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

and wait while others sleep. Military authority installed in our own front-door yard, and over our home, was to me a new and interesting regime. As I stood there at the open window absorbed in thought, a soft, gentle breeze floated in through the open casement and tossed my loose, flowing hair about my shoulders. Its cool, refreshing breath fanned the crimson out of my cheeks, and allayed, in a measure, the day's excitement. As I looked out in the darkness, watching the sentinels move to and fro, I became interested and absorbed in the thoughts of war.

"Looking far into the shades of the night, and over to the east, where stretched a strip of woods, skirt-ing the main highway, I observed many little fires burning among the trees—camp fires where the soldiers had bivouacked. General Washington's men had taken up their position just east of our house, on the lands of a neighbor, and as I watched the dim lights, I could see men walking around, and at times their fires seemed to blaze up brightly, and what showers of sparks would fly upward when fresh fuel was fed to the flames. At times, when their fires burned up considerably, the great trunks of the majestic old trees stood up like mighty giants, stretching out their limbs like the arms of a colossus. When the blaze would lessen, the shadows deepened, and the outline of the timber became indistinct, assuming forms grotesque and fanciful.

"Thus I waited at the casement, watching the lights and shadows come and go, breathing in the night air, and contemplating the carnage, the suffering, the ruin that must dwell in the wake of war; of the fathers, sons and loved ones that must be sacrificed; of the



## Arthur St. Clair

---

homes that are broken up, and the widows and orphans to dwell in a house of sorrow all their days.

"These and many similar thoughts came into my mind, until I was greatly agitated and worried, and was almost on the point of assuming an attitude which would doubtless seem ridiculous and impolitic. This war must be averted; the killing must be stopped; the flow of human blood must be stanchd. I shall go at once and inform General Washington and the Major that the business in which they are engaged was not at all to my approval. This resolution, however, had not received the confirmation of a second thought ere I changed my mind, knowing, of course, that the war could not be averted by my lone opinion, and that they would not give credence to what I should say. I, therefore, began to harmonize myself, and reason it out to my own satisfaction.

"On one side was the awful thought of war and bloodshed, while on the other hand there was the burden of the wrongs which the mother country had done her colonies. The memory of these direful grievances enkindled the fires of patriotism, and touched the heart of one who loved her home and country, and who was willing to make any sacrifice that they might be free. I soon appreciated the fact, through this line of reasoning, that there was no other way to meet England's haughty insults, except at the point of the bayonet. Meet them and their armed minions at the threshold of our country, with bloody hands, and drive them back upon the wave until the last armed foe expires.

"When I had finished this last throb of patriotism, I discovered that my fists were clenched, and I could



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

feel my very blood tingling with an animation that brooked no fear. And as I meditated, first in pity, then in anger, over the condition of the people of dear Old Virginia, and calling to mind the sincere earnestness of General Washington, I could not help devoutly and enthusiastically breathing a silent prayer for his success and safety.

“From all that I had thought, dreamed and felt, I concluded by force of reasoning that if there was ever a time when war was justifiable—if ever the sword should be unsheathed—if ever these instruments of extermination should not be beaten into plowshares, it was in the case of our colonies. If ever the shedding of human blood could be atoned for, we were certainly able to render a satisfactory account of our stewardship.

“Perhaps the Master may have had our people in mind when he said to his disciples:

“‘But when ye shall hear of wars and commotions be not terrified, for these things must come to pass.’

“In spite of myself I became greatly interested in the subject of war, and the success of our armies.

“Again looking over where the army lay encamped, all was dark and silent. Not a light could be seen, not a voice could be heard. More than a thousand brave and noble sons were soundly sleeping, little dreaming of the dangers awaiting them, ready to lay down their lives that their country might be free. Poor, brave sons of liberty, will their great sacrifice ever be fully appreciated? To surrender upon the altar of patriotism everything to which they could lay claim, in order that another might be free seemed an incomparable sacrifice. Poor



## Arthur St. Clair

---

fellows, how I felt for them, and the best that I could do, I was constrained to conclude, that the debt of gratitude we owe those who have given up their lives for us cannot and never will be paid.

"Retracing my steps from the window, and lying down on the snow-white bed, I listened a moment to the low, gentle warble of my dear old bird friend, and as his notes grew softer and fainter, I fell into a peaceful slumber from which I was awakened by the call of a servant. Hurriedly arranging my toilet and putting on a creamy white dress, I tripped lightly down the stairs and out on the broad veranda. Here I was cordially greeted by our soldier guests. After breakfast was over their horses were brought from the stables, and with many adieus they mounted and rode away. The Major, however, remaining a moment to say good-bye, and to assure me of his return soon. Yes, he came again and again, for he was your father."

"Right ye ar'r, Misees St. Clar," says Tim Hogan, who had come to pay them a visit, which was his custom of doing once or twice a year. "Right ye ar'r, Misees St. Clar, un the loiks of th' Major niv'r stood in shoe leath'r since the days of Ould Saint Patrick. It's mesilf, lad, thet knew yir father, und Oi be after layin' me hands on inny wan thet 'ud say a wur-r-d ag'in him."



# Of Old Fort Recovery

---

## CHAPTER V

### A MYSTERY UNSOLVED

"After your father and I were married he came to our house and disposed of his own plantation, which did not bring him very much after the payment of the debts against it. My father's health being very poor, the business affairs were all turned over to your father. Aunt Chloe came with him from his old home, and has been with us ever since. Timothy here came with your father from the army, and has ever since been a good and faithful friend. How we could have gotten along without him I shall never know."

"Sur'r, mum, Oi stood wid de Maj'r at Benningt'n and Sar'tog, und all thr'u' de war, un sur'r Oi sthand wid yees now," says Timothy.

"Soon after your father took charge of our plantation he became acquainted with James Luwalling, and this acquaintanceship soon ripened into friendship. They were together the most of their spare time, and were about the same age, and so far as I could see got along very agreeably. When one had an errand to the county seat, the other was sure to accompany on horseback. This friendly relation became a bond of continuity, and held them even in their business relation, and in a small way they began buying and raising cattle. This business seemed profitable, and their investments were augmented, until it became necessary to mortgage our plantation to raise funds to carry out our part of the proposition. Luwalling was



## Arthur St. Clair

---

a man of considerable means, and had finances not only for his part of the investment, but also loaned your father considerable money from time to time, taking a mortgage on our home for his security.

"This seemed satisfactory, and bid fair to develop into an Eldorado of wealth, and for several years matters went along very nicely, and we were very happy. Your father was always good and kind to me, gratifying my every wish and whim; patiently listening to my advice and answering my many foolish questions. Oh, my son, we were so very agreeable and happy, that life seemed one continued song of love.

"The cattle business had grown to larger proportions, and a greater mortgage had been executed in order to carry matters along until we should be able to take the stock to the market. I worried a great deal, fearing that something might happen to them; that they might contract some disease and all die, that something might occur by which we would lose our old homestead. After worrying much I finally prevailed upon your father and Luwalling to sell them and thus relieve me of the mental anxiety.

"At last the day came that had been agreed upon for their delivery, and the servants about our plantation and those of Luwalling's were busy rounding them up, and driving them out into the great highway leading down toward the town of N——, where they were to be delivered to an English gentleman, and loaded on a vessel for England. There was hurrying to and fro, cracking and snapping of cattle whips; running of horses, lowing of cattle, and a great deal of loud talk, punctuated now and then with an oath. It was a grand sight, and one which I shall never



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

forget. You were away from home, my son, and did not return until later.

"At last all was ready, and they moved down the road, making clouds of dust, which at times almost enveloped them. Your father and Luwalling brought up the rear, with Timothy riding along at their side to look after many little details, and help them with the cattle until they reached a certain point in the road, where it was thought there might be some trouble in passing. They were gone some hours, when Timothy returned, and reported everything going all right. My! how relieved I was to get this matter all off my mind.

"I believe, Timothy, you and I tried to figure up what our share of the cattle would amount to, but our calculations were somewhat speculative. We also tried to determine just when your father and Luwalling would return, and whether or not you should go and meet them, Timothy, knowing that they would have a large sum of money to bring back with them. But after much speculation we concluded that we would wait until morning, then determine what would be best to do in the matter."

Just at this point Mrs. St. Clair paused for a moment in her narration, when there came from the dining room Aunt Chloe's melodious voice, and the way she was executing an old plantation melody, it was a sure indication that she was making great headway with the dinner. Already Timothy had scented the savory meats, puddings and pastries, and he sat with his eyes upon the door, which he was expecting to open without much delay. He had not long to wait in order to satisfy his wish. The door flew open



## Arthur St. Clair

---

wide, and there stood the good old soul, her face black as ebony, but wearing a smile of self-satisfaction, that was worth its weight in gold.

"Hah! Hah! Hah! Ah specs you all am mos' scanlus hungry! My lan'! Hah! Hah! Am dat you all, Tim Hogan? Well, Ah suah ain't makin' much trouble foah mahse'f to keep on terms wid de Irish, but Ah am suttently glad you am heah, Tim Hogan. My! My! What a dinnah—bress Gord! it am a reg'lah old Vaginna dinnah, ebberthing good to eat, un lots ob it. Jis com'd right out un sot right down like you wah bodahs at a bodin' house. Mis'um, youse done sot down right heah; Mastah Artie ober dah. Hah! Hah! You, Tim Hogan, Ah see you am tryin' to make de 'quaintance wif dat roas' goose!"

"Right yees ar', me ould ebony friend, an' sur-r Oi'll be on sp'aken terms wid the little lady befur a fortnight," says Tim, taking a seat at the middle of the table without waiting for Aunt Chloe's directions, that he might command a better view of the surroundings, and at the same time have more room for action. "Oi say, Misees St. Clair, it's well Oi be wid yees to-day, or sur-r who be here to disict this country goose?"

"It is very kind of you, Timothy, and I hardly know how we could have gotten along without you to-day, and I am sure no one could perform this delicate operation with more skill and dexterity than yourself," suggests Mrs. St. Clair.

"Dat's so! Dat am de troof! Ah'm mos' suah! Case Tim am suttently 'quainted wid de cahvin business—he done ust to cahv up dah Heesions on de



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

float'n'ice in de Del'wah Ribbeh, lessways, Ah done hu'd Majah St. Clair say so."

"Sur-r, mum, yer history is good, but whin Oi war makin' it Oi didn't think thin the loiks of yees would be trow'en hit oop to me, and be takin' me appetite, for-r whin Oi'm thinkin' of me patrotism thin Oi'd be foighten instid of aten."

"You must have been very brave and patriotic, Mr. Hogan, to go with my father to the war to fight the British," says Arthur.

This was too much for Timothy, there was something about the young man's question that touched the patriotic strings in his honest breast, and he set them to going.

"Shur-r, lad, me boy, Oi can't help it. It's me stock in tr-rade. Oi'm a natr'rl patr'rot, and can't be inny-thing else, if Oi would. One mahn ur a t'oushand is all the same to me, und if ther-rs inny diifr'ns Oi'd take the t'oushand, cos th'irs more fight'n in thim all," says Tim.

"Did you ever fight any Indians, Timothy?"

"No, lad. Oi niv'r came across the pesky huds, but Oi'd like them, Oi know, if they lay down th'ir tomy'awks and come out from behint the tras and foight wid shelalahs, loik an honest mohn, Oi'd fight thim.

"There, Mrs. Goose, yer-r car-urved oop in the latest fash'n, an' yees smill bitter thin yees look. Have some of the goose, Misees St. Clair, and some of the dressin'. Arthur, me lad, help yirseilf, and set ir right down here, where we can both oper-rate upon the lady at shor-rt range."



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"Timothy, are you not thankful for this bountiful repast?"

"Shur-r, mum! Oi begs yir pardon. Oi for-rgot mesilf, but thin it's niver too late to be thankful, and here's me blessin': Holy St. Patrick and Virgin Mary, bliss all these good things to ate, give us str'ngth to whip our inemies, and don't for-rg't yir oomble sarvant, Timothy Hogan. Your-rs trooly. Amen."

"You say you never fought in any Indian wars, Timothy?"

"No, lad, Oi niver had an op'rchoonty. Oi'd only want half a chance an' Oi'd be oop an' at thim."

"Well, there is a chance for you, or there soon will be, for I heard Old Captain Grisley talking over at the post office yesterday, and he said that the Indians were getting troublesome way out west somewhere, I think he said in the territories of Ohio and Indiana. That troops would no doubt be sent out there to suppress them. He also said that in several places the pioneers had been driven back, their homes burned and settlements broken up, and unless they were checked in their depredations, no telling what would happen."

"Ould Cap Grisley is a gr-rate soldier, and he knows vhat hee's talk'n' about. Hee's seen lots o' foight'n, but hee's too ould fr-r the business now. Younger min will hav't to do the foight'n, but whin Oi say Cap Oi'll be after findin' out the p'r'ticlars."

"I hope, Timothy, you would not think of going out west, in that far-off land and unsettled country, to find Indians and drive them from their hunting grounds, would you?" inquired Mrs. St. Clair.

"It does look loik Oi'd be aftr'r goin' a long dis-



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

tance to hunt fir somethin' that was'n lost. But foighten's me natur, an' if Oi once get a chance Oi'll soon settle wid thim."

"Timothy, you must not let your patriotism take your appetite, but just help yourself," says Mrs. St. Clair.

"Hab sum moah coffy, Ir'sh," interrupted Aunt Chloe, who was on hand with a pot of hot beverage, the aroma of which was too inviting to be refused by Tim, who was now entering upon the pleasant task of stowing away the third cup, to the satisfaction of Aunt Chloe.

While the dinner was on the subject of the narrative had for the time been dropped, but as this pleasant task was over, we shall take up the thread of our story, where we had laid it down.

"Yes, Arthur, we concluded to wait until morning before making any arrangements for your father's return. The day wore off slowly and wearily, and in our waiting our expectations became anxiety, although we had no definite idea when he would return. Noon came, then the afternoon dragged along, its shadows scarcely moving, and after a while darkness approached, settling down all around, and yet your father had not returned. How the zodiacal blaze lit the western sky, and I thought night would never come.

"When the shadows did finally deepen it seemed darker than usual. The servants whom we had sent out in the afternoon, came back without any tidings. Although they had not gone all the way to N——, they met the men returning, who had driven the cattle to market, and they also knew nothing, except they



## Arthur St. Clair

---

had left your father and Luwalling to see after loading the cattle and making settlement.

"The night passed slowly, and I thought morning would never come. The hands on the dial of the old wooden clock, in the hallway, seemed to have gone to sleep. I watched and waited, started up at every little noise, even the rustle of the leaves of the old maple and locusts gave cause of alarm. Sometimes I could hear the sound of horses hoofs on the hard gravelly roadway, leading up from the main road. They grew closer, riding quite up to the very edge of the veranda, it seemed, and I was quite sure that I could not be mistaken, I would hasten to the door, throw it open, and peer out into the night air, as far as I could see. All was darkness, and not a sound greeted my ear, except the sighing of the wind through the old locust that bordered the pathway, and not an object in sight. All a phantom! Perhaps a dream! One of the darkies sat by the wide, open fireplace, in which burned a few smoldering coals. Here he had dozed in an easy-chair, the warmth from the wood fire put him to sleep, and he slumbered as peaceful and pleasant as a child.

"About daylight I called to him, and rousing himself from his sleep, he quickly awakened, and with an effort tried to conceal from me the fact that he had been dozing. I bade him to go over to Luwallings at once, and find out if he had returned, and come back quickly and give me the news.

"In a short time the darky returned, and reported that Jim Luwalling had come home in the night time, long toward morning, but was not yet risen. That as soon as he was up he would come over and tell all



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

about it. This was all that I could learn from the darky, and I waited.

"It seemed ages as I looked and listened for Luwalling, and I thought that he would never come at all, and that he was the sleepest man in all the world. Long about noon, however, he came riding over, but not much in a hurry, rather slow and indifferent. I was so anxious to know something about your father that I rushed out to meet him before he dismounted his horse.

"'Where is my husband, Jim Luwalling, and what have you done with him? Why didn't he come home with you, I'd like to know?'

"'I don't know where your husband is, and I haven't done anything with him, nor do I know why he didn't come with me. We started about dark, riding along together——'

"'Did you get a settlement for the cattle?'

"'Yes; and the Major had it, as we hadn't divided it yet.'

"'That's certainly a likely story. It wouldn't be at all like you, Jim Luwalling, to let my husband carry all the money. However, what do you know about the Major? I am more interested in his welfare than I am about money.'

"'Well, as I was saying, we rode out of the town of N—— together, leaving there about dark. Thinking we would be perfectly safe coming home in the night time, and then there were some parties in the town we neither one was pleased with, so we concluded to get out without creating any disturbance. Feeling sure we could get home by daylight, we pushed our horses along at a pretty sharp trot. We had not gone



## Arthur St. Clair

---

very far until it became quite dark, so much so that we could scarcely see each other as we rode along our way.

“We discussed the idea of turning back rather than to take chances of finding our way out of the dilemma, but we did not like to go back into the town, since it was pretty well known that we had a large sum of money with us, and feeling safer out upon the highway than we did among the parties, whom we had seen at N——, we decided to push ahead and make the best of it.

“There is a long distance that the road runs directly through a dense forest, and before we reached this point, it began raining, which added much to our discomfiture. In fact, before we came up to the wood the storm was considerable. The rain was accompanied by a heavy wind, which made travel extremely dangerous through the timber, and we hesitated whether we would try, or turn back and seek lodging along the way.

“However, not seeing any very inviting places along the road, and both being very anxious to get home, we pulled our hats down around our ears and turned up our coat collars and pushed on, keeping in close touch with each other for miles, and until we reached the river. The storm did not abate its fury; the hazard was great from falling timber, and the flash of the lightning. Not a few times we found trees blown across the road, which compelled us to make a circuitous route through the woods to get on our way.

“As we rode along our attention was attracted by rushing, running waters, and before us, in the light of



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

the lightning we saw an expanse of muddy flood. This stream, when he had crossed a few days before, was only a tiny little river, and while it seemed to be swollen some, we could not tell in the darkness just how much, but did not consider it dangerous, and feeling sure that our good horses could carry us safely over, we pushed on.

“‘I rode in first, and after going only a short way, to my surprise the horse began swimming, and, to my horror, we were being carried rapidly down a stream. I hallooed back to the Major to be careful how he guided his horse, and to give him the rein, but received no response. With the greatest possible effort my horse, after being almost exhausted, was able to land on the other side. No sooner was I sure of my footing than I began calling for the Major, but not a sound reached my ears, except the rushing waters, the falling rain and the howling winds, that seemed to mock me. I called again and again, and receiving no response, I pushed on up the stream, through the timber and logs, and finally reached the roadway. I rode close down to the water, and looked and listened. I waited for the lightning’s flash, hoping that I might be able to see the Major, but all to no purpose. I called again and again, until my heart came up in my throat, and until I could call no longer, my voice became weak and I could scarcely make a noise.

“‘I resolved to do something to relieve the awful strain on my mind and turning my horse about I rode into the water and started to go back to the other side, but the terrible risk that I had undergone in crossing the first time, persuaded me that the hazard could not be undertaken again with safety, and I was



## Arthur St. Clair

---

forced to abandon it. I kept my horse standing in the water until he began to shiver with cold, and seeing that I was doing no good in punishing the animal by keeping him there, I rode back up the bank and waited for the storm to break away, that I might be able to ascertain the Major's whereabouts.

“There I waited and watched, it seemed to me for ages, and after several hours the clouds seemed higher and thinner, the rain ceased, and the stars began to shine out here and there in little patches, and after more waiting, listening and watching, it began to grow light. I again rode down to the water's edge, and looking in every direction, except behind me, all was raging, swirling, muddy water. I looked up and down the stream as far as the eye could penetrate—all was water, water, maddened and furious, and over between the wall of timber that lined the roadway, I was unable to distinguish any object that resembled man or beast.

“It would have been fatal to undertake to cross the stream now in its terrible flood of waters, and the thought was promptly abandoned. I began to reason with myself that the Major had been more wise than I, and had not tried to cross the stream, but had certainly turned back and sought shelter at some of the negro huts along the way. This seemed a most reasonable thing for anyone to have done, under the circumstances, and hoping that this impression would receive the confirmation of his better judgment, and at the same time fearing for the worse, I grew sick and tired looking at the angry flood, and turning my horse about, started for home, with a sad heart, not knowing what had been the fate of your husband.’



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

“At this point in Luwalling’s narrative I became blind and dizzy and fell fainting upon the ground. A delirium fever followed, and for weeks I knew nothing of what was passing. After a while, when I had regained consciousness, and getting a little stronger, I sent for Luwalling, who came and told me the sad story again. I was also informed by him that the stream had been dragged for miles below the ford, but horse nor rider were nowhere found. Search was persistently made everywhere, but all in vain, no clue, no trace, no evidence could be discovered that would lend any aid in fathoming this mystery.

“It was not long until the gossipers of the neighborhood were circulating the story that your father had been foully dealt with, and this gossip soon ripened into a suspicion, pointing a finger of accusation toward Jim Luwalling. They reasoned, that if your father had drowned his body or his horse would have been found. The story also became current that the money for the cattle, several thousand dollars, was paid to Luwalling instead of your father. It was also reported by seemingly good authority that they rode out of the town of N—— early in the afternoon, which, if true, they had ample time to reach the river before nightfall. A story also received some credence that Luwalling was seen riding through the forest alone before he reached the fords of the river.

“These and many other stories were told, all of which were favorably received by the much-wrought-up and anxious public, and threats were made against Luwalling, and I was in great fear that he would be dealt with by violent hands, and his own life made to pay the forfeit.”



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"Why, mother, do you think that Jim Luwalling killed and robbed my father?"

"Well, my son, you have asked me a hard question, and for years I have tried to persuade myself that there is some mistake, some unexplained mystery, and that your father lost his life in the flood of angry waters, and that Jim Luwalling's story is true, but somehow I cannot give full confidence to what he has told me. I cannot believe it. I never shall believe it!"

"Shur-r, lad, yer mither has expr-essed my senti-ments. Oi can't belave him, and whin I sa him, Oi always ax 'im, 'Wher-r's the Major?"

"What Major?" says he.

"The Major that wint away wid yees and the wahn thet didn't come back wid yees,' says Oi.

"Thin he walks away, seeing it wouldn't impr-rove his health to continue the argumint inny longer."

"Yes, my son, there is little or no doubt but what your father was murdered and robbed by none other than Jim Luwalling. At least, that is the firm and honest opinion of your mother."

## CHAPTER VI

### TIMOTHY AND ARTHUR

After Arthur's mother had finished her narrative the young man sat for a long time in a deep, contemplative mood, without uttering a word. It was very plain that the story had affected him greatly, and many thoughts were running through his mind, and



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

not being able to come to a conclusion upon the subject, he remained quiet. To him it was a terrible revelation, and yet he was slow to adopt his mother's opinion as to the death of his father. Mrs. St. Clair, for years, had labored under the impression that her son, when once he knew the facts, would fly into a rage, and seek immediate revenge, but in this she was happily disappointed. Arthur was a very considerate young man, and never did things hastily, and in this instance he sat and meditated.

Timothy Hogan's blood was boiling. The telling of the story by Mrs. St. Clair, whom he almost revered, had set abroad all of Tim's fighting propensities, and he watched the young man eagerly, expecting some outburst of rage, and after some time he arose and began pacing the floor, with military stride. In his own mind he could have put to route a thousand of the bravest, and if Luwalling had been around there certainly he would have had more trouble than he could have taken care of. Tim continued to walk the floor, and occasionally stopped and looked at Arthur, who remained quiet. Several times he struck his fists together, in some imaginary fray, in which, it is safe to say, that Luwalling was getting the worst of it.

After a while Tim cooled off some, and announced that he believed that he would return to the village, to his work, and picking up his hat started for the door.

This movement seemed to arouse Arthur from his meditation, and he went where his old friend was standing, and begged him to remain overnight, as there was some matter he wanted to talk over with



## Arthur St. Clair

---

him. Mrs. St. Clair joined the solicitation, and soon Tim had no notion of going.

Receiving the assurance that Tim was willing to remain all night, Arthur tapped him on the shoulder, and saying:

"Tim, I want to see you—come upstairs with me."

"Shur-r, lad, Oi'd go wid yees oopstair-rs oor any-whars."

With this they started out of the room, and Arthur led the way up to his own little bedchamber under the roof. While Mrs. St. Clair being relieved of the subject, since she had told her son, laid down for a rest, paying no attention to Tim and Arthur.

On reaching the little room in the upper story, Arthur filled a couple of corncob pipes with some tobacco that had been raised in Virginia many years before, and it was a very extra quality, and handed one of them over to Timothy, who proceeded to smoke up, much to his delight, and Arthur doing likewise, it was not long until they had raised considerable fog.

After smoking in silence for some little time, Arthur began by asking Tim a question, and received an answer without any reservation, their conversation being something after this manner:

"Say, Timothy, do you really believe Luwelling killed and robbed my father?"

"Do Oi belave hit? Why, me boy, Oi'm jist as sartin of hit as Oi am that Ould St. Patrick kilt all the snakes in Ould Ireland. Oi tell yees, lad, ther-r's no question about hit, Oi'm most sartin he did, und iver-rybody down in Ould Virginia, wher-r we used to live, bel'aved it thin, und they bel'ave it now."

"Well, if I could be certain of it, I would under-



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

take to deal with him as he should be dealt with, but somehow I cannot believe he killed my father, although it seems strange, and passing strange, that Luwalling could get across the river in safety and my father could not. There is also another thing that I cannot understand, and that is, if my father was drowned in the river, why was it that neither he nor his horse were ever found? It is not at all probable that he lost his life in the stream—something else has happened, the truth of which has not yet been revealed."

"Ye'r right, lad, phat became av the horse und phat became av yir father, Jim Luwalling knows, un nobody ils doos, un hit's a good thing fir him they dun't know, oor ther-r'd been trooble down in Ould Virginia, Oi tell yees."

"Timothy, was Luwalling ever arrested and tried for the murder of my father?"

"Why, me lad, shur-r he wus, und hit's divilish clos the joory come av hangin' 'im, und Oi he'r-rd since they could av hanged 'im had they found him guilty."

"Then he was tried and found not guilty?"

"Yis, the joory t'ought all av the time he wus guilty, un if it hadn't been fer re'son'ble doubt he would av been convicted. Ye see, lad, whin a mahn is aristed, that's one thing; thin whin he's tri'd be a jidge un joory, thet's anither thing; thin comes a fellow call re'son'ble doubt, un he's the whole thing, ur somethin' loik thet. Leastways, the liyers talked all the toime about the doubt, un Oi couldn't sa fir the loife av me waht thet had to do wid the killen av yir father."

"You mean, Timothy, do you not, that the crime charged must have been proven beyond a reasonable



doubt, and if the jury entertain any such doubt, they could not convict?"

"Yis, Oi ricken thet's the way it wus, Oi'm no liyer. The trial lasted siveral days, und it cost Ould Jim Luwallin' a poil av money, but Oi'll wager me shelala thet hit's yir father's mooney un not a cint av it his ounn.

"Oi tell yees, lad, we ought to take 'im out to the river soom dar-rk night un make 'im swim fir his loif, and whin he swims out t'row 'im in ag'in, un kape him swim'in' till he tills us all 'bout hit, und av a rafuses to till us, t'row 'im in ag'in, und sur-r in this way he'd git to ba a moighty good swim'er, oor we'd be after knowin' moor thin we do now. What de ye say, me lad?"

"If it was not for one thing, Timothy, I should not hesitate to join you on a little scouting tour some dark night, and we'd put his swimming ability to the test, but——"

"But vhat?"

"Well, you know, to harm Luwalling would be doing a great wrong to his daughter, Virginia, and this I could not think of doing, nor could I permit it to be done by another, if in my power to prevent."

"Oi sa, hit's Virgina yees would be after doin' a kind'ess? Will thet sound very sintemintal, but yees must remimb'r thet Ould Jim Luwallin' will say to it thet ye'r niver es much es git t' spake to his daughter. So if ye av innything noice und good thet yir layin' oop fir Virginia Luwallin', ye'd bitter go out wist un foight Ingins, un git yersilf scalp'd oor fall in love wid a squaw, un thim's my sintiments."

"Whether I shall be permitted to speak to her or



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

not, I do not know, but one thing I am sure of, it is not her fault. Something tells me that some day I shall, and I can only wait and see. I believe with all my sad heart that she, too, will wait for me until the barriers are removed, by the remoulding hand of time. It may not be on this unhappy shore, and if not, I shall endeavor to so live, that I may hope to meet her in a future world, and that we may know each other there. It seems terrible to me that I should thus early in life be distressed by a love affair, over which I have no control, and cannot even speak to the girl I adore. Say, Timothy, were you ever in love?"

"Oi t'ought Oi war once."

"Well, what ever became of it?"

"You sa, lad, Oi was in love wid a ger-rel, but Oi guess she niver found it out. Innyway, she married the ither wahn."

"Why, that's funny?"

"The divil is funny! Sur-r, lad, it's niver been virry fooney to me, und altho' it's been siveral y'ars since, still Oi hev'n't hed no foon out en it yit."

"Well, well, Timothy, old boy, let us lay aside our love affairs and turn our attention to something else. Your sentiments about fighting Indians has a tinge of adventure in it, which seems to afford amusement enough to occupy a distracted mind, for awhile, at least. There is certainly very little danger, and with you, my dear old Timothy, I should not be afraid of any number of them."

"Would yees jin me, lad?"

"Why, certainly, and at once, for I want to get out of these surroundings, and away from the conditions that seem to hold me under an influence, which is



## Arthur St. Clair

---

worrying me, and I know of no better way than to go out west and fight the Indians, but—my mother!

"What would she say?"

"What would she do?"

"God bless her! It would never do to tell her, and to go away without telling her, and bidding her adieu—oh! it simply can't be done. She must know it."

"Yis, lad, yees can pretind yir only goin' to town oor over to a neighbor, oor somewher-r about here, thin jis kape on goin', un mither'll be noon the wiser."

"But, Timothy, that would be deceiving my mother, the best, the dearest friend I ever had or ever shall have, and this I could not think of doing. To tell her I must disobey her wishes, and to go without telling her is a wrong, but it is the lesser offense. I shall choose the latter.

"Now, Timothy, for the plan of war?"

"The plan of war, why, lad, we must git wher-r the Injins are, and to do this we must j'in the army. Oi till yees, Oi'll go und sa Ould Cap Grisley und find out all about the war wid the Injins. Oi'll take to-morro' to do this, un in the manetoim we can be gittin' riddy. We'll nade guns, powder un bullets, und a lot of things; so be after looking around a bit, me lad, und Oi'll be on the wor-ruks mesilf, und riddy fer thim."

Preparations were going on in a quiet way, and all was kept a profound secret. Arthur got his father's sword and polished it until it was bright. An old squirrel rifle was brought forth from the deep recesses of the closet, under the stairway. An old leather shot pouch and powder horn, was discovered and seized upon as contraband of war. Ladle and bullet



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

moulds were called into service, and stowed away in the great leather pouch, which had done service in the War of the Revolution, and thus the preparations went quietly on, without any anxiety or suspicion on the part of Arthur's mother.

As arranged, Timothy came after nightfall, and meeting Arthur at a prearranged rendezvous, the plans were completed for the adventure, after many questions were asked and answered.

"What did Old Cap Grisley say, Timothy, about the Indians?" asked Arthur among the first questions.

"He said, seys he, they're gittin' mischeevus und er thre'tnin' the settler."

"Well, did you learn how we can join the soldiers and go out and fight them?"

"Sur-r, me lad, Oi got the credintsuls un full directions fir taken thim. Her-r's a litter from an officer av the army to Ould Cap himself, und hit tills in it how innywhan can j'ine the bouys, whin to come und wher-r to go, un all about it. So ye see, me lad, all we're got to do is to git riddy, and go und j'ine thim. Air ye riddy? Av yees got a gun and plinty av powder und bullets?"

"Yes, I have a gun, bullets, powder, flints, powder horn, scalping knife, and everything all stored away here in the barn, ready for marching on the enemy at a moment's notice."

"Shake, me lad, the Injins will be all the woss fir this day's wor-ruk. Belave me, ye are a brave lad, the loiks if yir father. I fot wid 'im and Oi be fightin' wid yees.

"Now, lad, no wahn knows our plans be ye and mesilf, they're safe. Go back to the house and go to



## Arthur St. Clair

---

bed. Git oop at midnight—slide down iver the roof to the gr-round. Oi'll be waitin' fir yeer. Till thin, good-bye."

### CHAPTER VII

#### ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER

Days, weeks and months came, and passed away, and not a word, sign or token reached Mrs. St. Clair of her departed son's whereabouts. Each day came and went with its little incidents, troubles and vexations, and through it all she suffered more than tongue can tell, but bore it all with fortitude, like a Stoic.

The whole neighborhood was engrossed in an overflow of gossip. A morbid curiosity seemed to have seized every one, and what could not be heard was invented, thus many stories were set in circulation about Arthur's disappearance, all of which was conjectural, as they knew not where he had gone or why he had left. Some of these stories reached Arthur's mother, but she was too philosophic to place any credence in them, or to allow herself to become entangled in that which she was certain could be nothing more than the invention of idle gossipers.

One cold wintry day, when the snow lay in deep drifts over the landscape, and a bitter and cruel wind was blowing, like the blasts of a thousand furies, Mrs. St. Clair turned aside from the breakfast table, upon which Aunt Chloe had prepared and placed an appetizing meal, to look out of the window, upon the storm that was raging without. The first thought that came into her mind was her absent son, as the



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

wind hurried along with its freight of snow, pushing, driving, swirling, scampering in almost every direction, and at the same time the good mother could not help believing that her dear boy was somewhere exposed to the rage of these terrible elements.

And she thought, as she stood there gazing upon the storm, can it be that He who hears the raven's cry, will not listen to a mother's supplication for her boy, who is a wanderer, somewhere upon the face of the earth?

"Oh! certainly, Father, my prayers have not been unheard, my voice unheeded, my burning tears in vain! As the Master's voice went up to heaven in supplication for the lost sheep, that were out on the Judean Hills, far out from the fold, so does my heart go out into this awful storm for my dear boy."

And she meditated to herself, with the wish that she had not told him of the story of our many wrongs, we had suffered at the hands of Jim Luwalling, for I perhaps have done him and myself a great injury, which might have been avoided, by postponing the telling until he was older. It may be that I have waited too long, for had I told him when younger, he doubtless would not have taken it so seriously.

I know that he is deeply in love with Virginia Luwalling, and realizing the barrier betwixt the object of his love and himself, he has thought best to go out into the wide world to seek consolation among strangers. Perhaps it is all the better for him and for me; at least I shall try to persuade myself that it is.

"He will soon forget his ill-advised infatuation for Virginia Luwalling. Other faces, other smiles will change his boyish love, and she will soon be forgotten.



## Arthur St. Clair

---

This will more than repay me for his absence, and when I know that he has forsaken, and abandoned his ill-timed love storm, I shall be more than happy.

In my hope and earnest desire that my son should forget his earliest love, I have lost the thought, for the time being, of his present condition and welfare. If I could receive some word from him, and could know that he is alive and well, I should be relieved for awhile of this awful worry.

Just then Aunt Chloe came into the room, holding a small white package, her face lighted up with great expectations, as she approached Mrs. St. Clair, saying:

"Here, Missum, here am ah leddah dat Bill Jonsing done jis brung frum de pos' ofus, und hit suttently frum Mastah Artie. Ah done tole you dat you am gwine git ah leddah. Ah jis know'd dah war won on de rode all de time. Ah could tell de way mah ole rumatics was car'ing on dat sumthin' gwine to happen, suah nuff."

Tearing open the small packet and breaking the seal with all possible haste, that she might catch the first word, that gave the assurance to her asking heart of her most anxious expectation. Mrs. St. Clair lighted up with an angelic smile as her eyes caught the words, "Dear mother."

Rapidly over the few lines she hastened, then over and over again she read them, each time more interesting than before.

All the while Aunt Chloe was talking, trying to find out, whether or not it was from Arthur, and what had become of him, but the good mother hearkened not to her earnest solicitations. After having read the letter





"Here, Missum, here am ah leddah dat Bill Jon-  
sing done jis brung frum de pos' qius, und hit  
suttenly frum Mastah Artie."







## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

more than a dozen times in silence, Aunt Chloe succeeded in making herself heard, and Mrs. St. Clair read it aloud for the good old darky's benefit, which ran as follows:

"DEAR MOTHER: You must be very sad and lonely, and my young heart ever yearns for you. It was indeed very wrong for me to go way without telling of my intentions to do so, but, believe me, mother, I could not summon the courage to tell you, and now I pray your forgiveness. I am well, and we leave here soon, and will go farther west. Tell Aunt Chloe that I have not forgotten her. I love you mother most tenderly.

ARTHUR.

"Pittsburg, 12-12-1790."

"Suah nuff, dat am frum de deah boy! My lan', Ah'm suttently glad de chile am libben. We had to scuse him dis mohnin', an' Ah hope he am gwine come home to see hees muddah an' poor old Aunt Chloe. Ah's done gittin' old, an' Ah specs Ah nebber gwine to see my honey boy any moah. An' he done write hee's in Pittsburg, wherebber dat am. Ah specs hit am a long way from dis p'int, but Ah don't knows where, case Ah got no edication."

In this manner the old colored woman kept on talking for some time, and all the while Mrs. St. Clair was in deep study over the letter, trying to determine by force of reasoning what her son was doing in Pittsburg, and why he was going on farther west. This latter part of the letter was hard to determine—farther west kept coming up in her mind, and no point of interest or anything likely to interest a young man



## Arthur St. Clair

---

could she call to mind. Certainly he will write soon again, and tell more particularly where he is going and what he is doing.

"Missum, Ah dun wish you let me hab dat leddah, Ah jis like to hab it wid me, case Ah most suttin' it gwine to help mah rumatics."

"Very well, Chloe, you may carry it around with you, if you like, but I wish you would make me a cup of hot coffee, and warm up the breakfast a little, for I feel better now, and would eat a bite, if you will."

Stowing away the letter in her capacious bosom, Aunt Chloe soon had the coffee pot singing a merry song, and everything in readiness for a nice breakfast.

As Mrs. St. Clair enjoyed the morning meal Aunt Chloe kept up a lively conversation, repeating many little incidents that had happened to Arthur and other members of the family. And as a bit of gossip, she informed the missus about the Luwallings going away.

"My lan', Missum, Ah specs Ah'm gwine s'prise you, suah nuff dis time. Ah dun jis' hea'd dat Old Jim Luwallin' and Miss Jinnie gwine move 'way to Phildelfy, un dat deah am not gwine cum back no moah. An' Artie nebber gwine see Jinnie no moah, an' Ah specs you all ain't feelin' bad 'bout dat."

"No, Aunt Chloe, I am not at all grieved at their departure from these parts, and I hope they will not return again. I do not wish them any harm, but sincerely trust that their going away will afford less opportunity for Arthur to meet Virginia. Gone to Philadelphia, you say! Well, I am satisfied, for so



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

long as they are there, I feel confident, there is no probability of Arthur and Virginia meeting, and this assurance affords me much pleasure."

### CHAPTER VIII

#### THE CHRISTMAS EVE BALL

Eight long years since Arthur St. Clair slid down over the roof of his mother's humble cottage, to join Timothy Hogan in an expedition of war, to learn the prowess of the Redman, and many experiences of varied kind and character fell to his lot since that night. He was twenty-six years old, with full beard, erect, gallant and commanding. A Chesterfield in manners; a Greek athlete in stature; a debonair in deportment, and now an officer in the army, but known as Major Arthur, the St. Clair having been dropped by a habit of the people, who persisted in addressing him under this title, instead of his real name. However, this made no difference to him, for it served quite as well, and in some instances much better, for he was thus enabled to conceal his real name from those who would have otherwise recognized him.

It is Christmas Eve in Philadelphia, and Major Arthur, arrayed in full uniform, as though prepared for dress parade, sat meditating over the proposition of accepting an invitation to attend a grand ball given in honor of the army officers, who were stationed in that city. It was hard to determine the thing he wanted to do. It was the merry time of the year, and the capital was out in fur and feather, and the whole



## Arthur St. Clair

---

atmosphere was laden with the tingle of the sleigh bells, and shouts of the merry revelers. As he sat in his quarters, he reasoned with himself that there was no use to go, for he would be unable to find the one for whom he had been looking, and he thought, and talked to himself about the matter for some time. "I know that I shall not be able to find her at this ball. I have looked this city over for her, and it is not at all likely that she will be at this dance to -night. Oh! pshaw! what is the use of thinking about seeing her again. It is only a waste of time, and idle phantasy, a mere hope. I know that she has long since forgotten me, and perhaps married. Yes, there is no doubt about it, for I have been gone eight years, and in that length of time many strange things could have happened, and this would not at all be unusual or startling, and I could not blame her in the least. Yes, I could blame her some, for she promised—— Yes, but that has been a long time ago—new faces—new pleasures—new surroundings. These all make a difference, and then, too, there is her father, Old Jim Luwalling, surely he has no love for me, I know that I have none for him. I suppose that he would not allow me to speak to Virginia, even if I should see her again, but then he may be dead, I wish—— No, I don't wish him dead, but I came mighty near it. Perhaps he would not recognize me if he did see me. That is my wish, that he would not know me.

Suddenly looking up, he caught his reflection in the mirror on his dressing table, and joy leaped into his very soul, as the thoughts ran through his mind. Recognize that face as Arthur St. Clair? Well, I should say not! I would hardly know it myself! But would



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

Virginia recognize me? That's a different question. Women look so closely into a fellow's face, when they are once interested, that it is hard to tell what she might do, but my guess is that she will not know me.

Confident that he could safely venture out into the capital's eveche, he would hazard the risk. So buckling on his bright new sword, he strode out into the night air, and down Chestnut Street, until he heard the sounds of music floating out amid the feathery snowflakes, which were then falling all over his new uniform. At the first sound that came to him from the ballroom he paused and listened. How different the music seemed from the fife and drum, which had played a tattoo on his ear for eight long years. And as he approached the place of merriment, a gentler feeling crept into his thoughts and ambitions, kindling anew the smouldering fires of love, and animating an overweaning desire to see Virginia Luwalling or obtain some intelligence of her whereabouts. As he moved along through the freshly fallen snow, something seemed to tell him, to encourage him and to give him confidence, that his efforts would be fully compensated. With these thoughts running through his mind, he entered the ballroom, but so engrossed with the subject of his love, he scarcely realized what he was doing or where he was going.

Taking a position where he could sweep the whole range of the room, he watched the merry dancers, as they moved over the waxen floor with grace and beauty, like a myriad of sylvian nymphs, in the deep recesses of the wild wood. Silk and tinsel, sword and trappings all in measured rustle and clatter moved in harmony with the sweet tones of the orchestra.



## Arthur St. Clair

---

Faces came up close to where he was sitting, then moving on with the tempo of the waltz, were soon lost among the many. Here and there were upturned countenances, that beamed with a rosy smile, in whom he thought for a moment, there was some line or expression of recognition; but the next movement proved it all a mistake. There were times when he was so sure, that the approaching face was that of his love, he was almost on the point of offering some sign of friendliness, but the next instant he was glad that he had not ventured to execute the thought.

Thus as one who watches the movements in a caldron, hoping that there would come up from the sea of faces, the desire of his heart, he looked on a most interested spectator. This joyous revelry, however, soon ceased to be an entertainment for him, and rising he was about to retire from the room, but remained standing at the back of his chair, still waiting, watching, hoping and lingering, with a half-anticipation that something would yet develop, which would meet his expectations.

When just on the point of turning away he again looked down on the moving, swirling throng of humanity, that came up toward him like a mighty swell of the sea, and as they came closer, he caught the outline of a face, the sparkle of the eye, the ivory back of half-open lips, the crimson of the cheeks, the gold in the chestnut hair, the form, the movement of one whom he recognized beyond question, to be none other than Virginia Luwelling. For a moment his heart came up in his throat, and he clutched the back of his chair with the grip of a giant, lest he should fall; great drops of perspiration stood out on his fore-



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

head, like pease on a board; his breath came quick and fast. In his great joy he became lost and dazed for a moment, and looking out again, searching, scrutinizing, penetrating with an eye of Argus, he could not catch a glimpse of the apparition that had given him such a fright a moment before. There he stood, calmly meditating over the situation, and being thoroughly convinced that he was not mistaken in what he had just seen, he resolved to mingle with the merry revelers, and to find, if possible, whether it was a mere phantasy or a reality.

Moving along out with the throng into the centre of the great dancing hall, where candelabra shone brightest o'er lovely women and brave men, he chanced to meet one of his superior officers, who was enjoying the occasion like a Benedict. Introduction followed, and soon he found himself in the midst of a small coterie of smiling, bustling ladies, each one trying to obtain some recognition or attention from the gallant-looking army officer, whose acquaintance they had formed a moment ago. Of the many whom he met, there was also one for whom he was looking. Scarcely could he repress his feeling, nor did he dare to trust his voice to utter a word for awhile, but simply bowed to the little lady, who was presented to him as Miss Luwalling, while his name was given, in return, as Major Arthur. Looks were exchanged, inquisition became an ardent inspector, but its storm soon broke into a calm, and feeling his way cautiously, carefully and prudently, a light, indifferent conversation was carried on for a brief moment. The music from the orchestra came with its soft melody, and all about them, joining in the waltz, they, too, moved out



## Arthur St. Clair

---

into the great swirl of happy, joyous revelry, like ships going out to sea, and were soon lost in the maelstrom of human splendor.

Around the room they moved many times with grace and beauty, while the Major was in horror, lest some movement, some word or act, would reveal his identity, but in this particular he had no cause for the slightest apprehension. Dancing and waltzing for some time, until fatigued, at Miss Virginia's suggestion, they retired for a light luncheon.

On leaving the ballroom she turned around, facing the Major, and looking him squarely in the face, said: "Major Arthur, I wish you to meet my dear old father. He will be here in a moment, since it is now twelve o'clock, and he said he would come for me at this hour." To which Arthur carefully and guardedly replied: "Certainly, with pleasure, I shall be delighted to meet and know your father."

They sat down at a light luncheon and scarcely had they broken bread, when there came into the room a white-haired, elderly gentleman, whom Arthur recognized at the first glance to be none other than James Luwalling. Gracious, how his heart leaped for a moment as the suspicion ran through his mind that he would be recognized, and for a moment he was greatly frightened lest he be found out. However, seeing there was no need of anxiety, he soon gained his composure.

"My father, Major Arthur."

"I am very happy to meet you, Mr. Luwalling, and hope you are well."

"Quite well, thank you, and, I assure you, the pleasure is all mine."



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

What a grand sight was presented by this trio! Venerable, gray-haired sire grasping the hand of a chivalrous young man. One has fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf, quaking with the tremor of dementia; the other proud, noble and grand, with flashing eye and countenance, with the ruddy glow of hope and health. Two deadly and bitter enemies, unknown by one, and yet clasped in the grasp of friendly greeting. Grace, beauty and modesty looked on with an air of approval. Glancing from face to face, Miss Virginia watched the movements of each, noting, as she did so, the coming and passing shadows. Her face, beaming with an interested smile, the crimson mounting the cheeks, the lustre of the eye, all told the story that she was drinking deep draughts in that which was passing.

Sitting down around this small table, the three—age, chivalry and beauty—were soon engrossed in a lively conversation on subjects apropos of the occasion. Major Arthur was kept busy guarding every word and action. Family expressions and dialect, which naturally cling to every one, were discarded, as their employment might create an air of suspicion. Several times, on quickly looking up, Arthur caught a pair of inquisitive optics looking into his very soul, and it took the power of a giant and the resolution of a Cæsar to resist the tempting opportunity of seizing the idol of his love and pressing her to his throbbing heart, but reason, although almost madly driven from the seat of judgment, prevailed, and with the vigilance of Rizpah stood guard at the portals of action, and calmly assuaged the ardor that burned within. The wise, old, doting father could plainly see in his daughter's countenance that the crimson in her



## Arthur St. Clair

---

cheeks were deeper hued than usual; that the eye shone with uncommon brightness; that her laughter was in harmony with the lightest merriment, and at it all he wondered.

Certainly, he meditated, it is the season of the year for merriment, and it is but natural that my daughter should be in good cheer, merry and happy. It does my old soul good to see her looking so beautiful, so blithesome, so light-hearted and gay. As he listened to the conversation of his daughter and the young army officer, he imagined in the exchange of their glances he saw kindling the flame of an incipient love, and to this he resolved to add the kind of fuel that would augment the blaze. In his hurry to be alone, so that he might think it over and form his plans for the future, as he now felt most certain of his opportunity of convincing his daughter that it would be the best and wisest thing for her to entirely forget Arthur St. Clair forever, he became just a little impatient, and suggested the lateness of the hour several times before Virginia seemed to hear him.

"Yes, father, at your pleasure. And I suspect that we are keeping the Major beyond his usual hour of repose."

"Beg pardon, madam, but the hours have been so enjoyable that I have taken no note of their flight. It is a little later than army officers seek their repose, but sleep can well afford to wait its opportunity when occasions like this bids us keep night's vigil, and I hope that when another Christmas Eve shall come, together we may again chase the phantasy of delight in harmony with sweet melody's enchanting measure."

Wraps, furs and mufflers adjusted in manner to



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

expel the winter's flaw, the old gentleman, with his lovely daughter on one arm, gently slipped his right hand through the arm of the Major, and together the trio walked out into the night air, and away from the throng. Pausing upon the sidewalk for a moment, the elderly gentleman drew from his pocket a small white card, presenting the same, said: "Major Arthur, here you will find our street number and place of abode. My daughter and I are all alone in the world, and we shall be delighted to have you dine with us some day—when it best suits your pleasure."

"I thank you very kindly for your courteous invitation, and I assure the same is accepted with delight."

Approaching a cab, the drowsy driver, in his great fur coat, rolled from his snowy seat and held open the door. Major Arthur assisted the old gentleman to get in, then turning about there stood on the walk, all bundled in a greatcoat and hat of fur the apple of his eye, the joy of his heart. Out from her muff came a small, gloved hand, which was held out to him, and which he hesitated for a moment to grasp, for fear that he would never be able to relax his hold upon it. But a glance in that upturned face gave confidence, and as the hands were clasped a musical voice fell on the stillness:

"Good night, Major Arthur! I hope that you may find the time and pleasure to give credence to my father's earnest solicitations. We shall anticipate a willing acceptance of the invitation and your convenience will be our pleasure and delight."

Arthur gave but a feeble reply; in fact, he could not. All the elements of joy, sorrow, delights and expectation were contending within him, and he was



## Arthur St. Clair

---

forced to refrain from trying to reply, except half-heartedly.

"Good night, Mr. Luwalling! Good night, Miss Luwalling! I trust that I shall find the opportunity to accept of your venerable father's extended courtesies."

Closing the cab door the carriage moved off with muffled sound on account of the snow, down through the main thoroughfare still crowded with moving throngs of happy people. Arthur stood watching the cab as it rolled away, and for a long time after it was lost in the shadows he was still looking in the same direction as if entranced, and would have remained there no one knows how long if an approaching officer had not saluted him with a friendly expression:

"Time to turn in, Major!"

## CHAPTER IX

### DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

Several mornings after the Christmas Eve ball old Mr. Luwalling and his daughter Virginia drifted into a conversation in which the happenings and incidents of the recent ball were discussed with interest. To be sure, the Major was by no means overlooked, but on the contrary, became the centre of discourse, in which he was invoiced by the venerable father as a very valuable asset, for he had bent his mind on bringing these young people into more friendly relations. In this particular, however, he was destined to meet



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

a very stubborn opposition in the person of his own daughter, who had some notions of her own, and was free to express them.

The old gentleman, "with his youthful hose well saved, a world too wide for his shrunk shank," sat close up to the wood fire as it blazed, sputtered, snapped and crackled on the hearth of the old brick fireplace, in front of him. Rubbing his hands together for the hundredth time that morning, as he sat engrossed in deep speculation on the future plans of his daughter, when the subject of his thoughts came into the room unannounced. Quickly putting her arms around the old gentleman's neck, gave him a tender little hug and lovingly patted his old wrinkled brow with her small white hand. All was done so unexpectedly and kindly that he could make no answer until it was all over. Looking up in her beautiful and lovely face, as she stood beside him, his old heart leaped and thumped for joy, as he received from her beaming countenance the message of filial love and devotion.

He sat in silence for some little time, and as he did so he thought how beautiful it is, how cheering and comforting to be thus surrounded. The withering and decaying oak is made to appear verdant and promising by the clinging ivy; old age is nurtured when sustained by the presence of youth and beauty; in my daughter there is joy, solace, happiness and comfort, and a companionship tinged with the purest blush of modesty and love. How can I ever reward such tender affections? How can I compensate her obedience and kindness toward her father? I shall try, and if I am successful in weaning her



## Arthur St. Clair

---

away from the fascination of her youth, in breaking down her love for Arthur St. Clair, then I shall have done her a kindness and myself a great favor. I may just as well commence to put my plans into operation, for now is as good a chance as I can hope to get, and as she seems so happy this morning, perhaps she will listen to my judgment.

Turning away from the fire a little and facing his daughter he began a conversation:

"How did you enjoy the dance the other evening with the young army officer, Virginia?"

"Oh! quite well, papa. He is an excellent waltzer, a fine conversationalist and very entertaining, I assure you."

"Virginia, I am delighted with your answer, for I am very favorably impressed with the young man, and believe his success cannot be questioned."

"I quite agree with you, papa, that as an army officer he will no doubt, if given an opportunity, make a gallant, brave and successful commander, but——"

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"Yes, there was something you were about to say, but you have concluded not to do so, for some reason. Say on, my daughter—what is it?"

"I was about to say that war has no charms for me. It grates too harshly upon my nerves, and its accompaniments of slaughter and carnage are by no means pleasing, to one who loves to hear the harmonious notes of peace and good will toward men. True, the spectacular side of war, with its parades, trappings and gilded braid is awe-inspiring, entertaining and enrapturing, and causes the heart to throb with patriot-



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

ism, but the sickening and revolting cruelty of war is too dreadful for approval."

"But, my dearest daughter, our country is at peace with all the world, our people happy and prosperous, and there is not the slightest cause for war. In fact, our soldiers have but little else for their employment than to appear in dress parades and keep their arms polished brightly. There is no possible danger! But I'll wager a twop'nce that Major Arthur has seen actual service, and that he has heard guns fired, that were not discharged in target practice. And what do you say, in order to determine the question, we send him an invitation to dine with us in a few days, fixing the time to suit his pleasure?"

"If it is your desire, papa, very well and good; but he comes as your guest, and the task of entertaining him will fall to your lot. I am not in the least interested in war or army officers, and since all the world is at peace, I do not see the necessity of majors and commanders, and as to your opinion as to his real service, you may be right about it, and I hope that he may have done something, which entitles him to the rank he assumes. I dare say, if he should accept your invitation, you will have an opportunity to investigate his career."

"Never mind about the entertainment. I shall see to it that the Major is kept busy, for I intend to find out all about his experience in war."

"Yes, papa, I anticipate you, and I believe it was Othello's oft-told stories of adventure that won the heart of the fair Desdemona, was it not?"

"Quite right you are in your classics, but I did not intend——"



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"Yes, I understand you very well, my dear signior. But the Major is not the Moor, and I am by no means the daughter of Old Brabantio, although I hold as high a reverence for the paternal edict, as did the fair Italian, who was wooed and won by the oft relating of a story of the Anthropopagi. But I believe that men no longer wear their heads beneath their shoulders, as did that strange people, but prefer to have them gracefully poised on top, and as this attitude so become the men, why should not the women approve the manner and fashion and do likewise?"

"You mean by this, if I follow you correctly, that you are going to be on your guard and receive the Major's story of his adventures with a judgment formed before you hear them?"

"I intended to impress you with the idea that I shall wear my head upon my shoulders, and that there will be no wooing and winning by the Major, papa, even though his stories of adventure are more thrilling than those of the Moor. My dear signior will not be compelled to summon the duke to listen to the tale of the wrongs of Brabantio."

"Very well, my daughter, this we will determine later, but for the present let us prepare and post the invitation at once, and I shall ask you to pen a brief note, inviting the Major to be with us for dinner."

Paper, quill and ink were soon assembled, and the missive drawn in a fine, round hand, to which the elder attached his cognomen with a bold and lavish use of ink, and as he did so, remarked:

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

"Yes, that is true, my father, and there is more virtue in the quill of the repulsive buzzard, when wrought



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

into a pen, than in all the renowned Damascus blades."

"And in that you have scored one on the Major."

"No, I did not so intend it; but the truth will prevail, even though it take the lustre from the family escutcheon of your Major."

This last thrust was too much for the old gentleman. He was nonplussed, and showed his feelings in his countenance, and his daughter seeing his discomfiture could not refrain from having a little pleasure at his expense.

"Oh! papa, you are so proud of your Major, we shall have to take good care of him when he comes, and won't it be facetious should it turn out that he never smelled burned powder? Ha! ha! papa's Major."

The old gentleman remained quiet, collecting his thoughts and wincing a little at his daughter's levity over his seeming interest in the Major, and turning the subject to the invitation suggested.

"The wax and candle is here, seal the letter and call a servant to post it at once, that the Major may receive it without delay."

Obedience prompts the action, and no sooner said than done. The daughter applied the wax to the candle, and placed a neat little seal on the white envelope, and after inspecting it carefully called a servant, and with a merry laugh, said to him:

"Here, Rastus, now be on your guard, and post this letter at once. Do not soil it, as it's for the Major!"

After delivering the message, the daughter returned to her father, feeling that so far she had the best of



## Arthur St. Clair

---

the argument, she was anxious to continue the topic, and sitting down near the venerable sire she turned about facing him, waiting for the renewal of the contest.

“Now, my daughter, oftentimes have I importuned you to forget and forego your earliest love for Arthur St. Clair, and I am more sincere and anxious than ever. I am getting along in years, and I should like to have this matter settled before I am called away, for when I am gone I fear that your old love would be enkindled anew, and the spark that has lain dormant so long would naturally turn to the affections of your childhood, unless you should beforehand find another to supplant this childish fancy. You are quite conversant of the barrier between his family and your own, and this obstacle cannot be removed, or at least I shall never give my consent to its dissolution. His family has done me a wrong that cannot and never shall be forgotten, and I very much regret that you so steadfastly cling to his memory. Long since he has forgotten you and blotted from his mind the youthful fascination, and what you are retaining for him can be nothing more than a foolish and idle dream, never to be realized. His people are poor, without position or influence, and without the promise of a single virtue. So, my daughter, remove his likeness from your mind and make room for another. You have reached an age in life when you should complete your plans for the future, while I have ‘fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf,’ and have no desire but your welfare; no joy, but your pleasure; no comfort, but your happiness; no future, but that which shall



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

culminate in the climax of my daughter's pure and virtuous love of one who is ever worthy of her."

"It is certainly very kind of you, my father, to have and to hold such interest in your only child, and I am not unmindful of your desires. However, in the heart there is room for only one picture. When virtuous love shall have inscribed upon the tablets of memory a likeness of the heart's fascination, that imprint will hold the colors of affection so long as the heart is true. Obedience to you, my father, has ever been the pleasure and deportment of your daughter, in all things, except one, and in that there is no obstinacy or incorrigibility, but the fault, if it may be called by such harsh terms, is in no sense charged to my account. For years I have struggled with myself to come within the radius of your desire, but all to no purpose. It has been long years since I saw Arthur St. Clair, and perhaps I shall never see him again, but whether I do or not, his likeness shall decorate the walls of my heart so long as my blood runs warm."

"I am not unmindful of the tragic differences and family feuds of the St. Clairs and Luwallings, but neither he nor I have contributed the slightest indorsement of this discordant condition. Time smooths out the furrowed frown of malice, and with the flight of years there should have come to you that forgiving tenderness, which is the melodious accompaniment of gray hairs and wrinkled brow. No daughter has ever doted upon the desires of her father with purer filial affection than I; none have trod more nearly within the purlieu of parental precept than I; none have more wholly avoided the primrose path of dalliance than I; but as my father loved my mother, so do I love



## Arthur St. Clair

---

him whose picture is indelibly written across the sacred precincts of my soul."

With this little climax Virginia retired from the room, leaving her venerable father to peruse the subject in his own reflections as far as he liked. While the old gentleman had been touched by the reference to his companion, who had gone before, he quietly sat by the warm fire in deep and silent meditation, and no further reference was made to the subject for the present.

A few days later, while at the breakfast table, a small white note was handed across the table by the father to his daughter. A hasty examination of its contents apprised Virginia that the invitation had been accepted and the Major was going to break bread with them within a fortnight. The letter soon became a theme for converse, Miss Virginia broaching the subject.

"I see he has accepted your invitation, father, and we are soon to have your Major with us. I am very glad of this, since his presence will, no doubt, afford you much pleasure and entertainment, and I shall try and enjoy his coming."

The old gentleman feeling that in the last encounter with his daughter he was slightly worsted, refrained from entering into a discussion of the topic, and thus let the matter drop without a word of comment. However, he looked forward to the day named with great expectations, while preparations went on for the Major's coming.

About the middle of January, and along about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, an army officer was seen moving along one of the finest residence streets



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

of Philadelphia with a stride that told at once he was not going to war. With the same gallant bearing he mounted the steps and entered the residence of Mr. James Luwalling, and the door closes behind him, while those who saw surmised the purpose of the call.

A colored servant greeted him with southern hospitality, and relieving him of his great coat and hat, conducted him into the fine old parlor, where burned a good log fire in the old fireplace. Luwalling and his daughter arose on his entrance to the room, and, with outstretched hands and beaming countenances, welcomed him with that cordiality that gives the assurance more than the formal bow that you are by no means an intruder. The old gentleman shook his hand with the clasp of friendship, for he was delighted with his visit. Miss Virginia's salutation was friendly, reserved and ladylike, with a merry twinkle in her eye, as she appreciated the fact that her father was playing an interesting part in the drama of life, the same was to her a little facetious.

It was not long until they were settled down into an interesting conversation on various subjects, the old gentleman watching an opportunity to introduce the theme of great importance to him, and which would require the Major to give some account of his war experiences. Miss Virginia knew her father's inclination, engaged the Major with such bewitching converse that she was on the point of absorbing his whole attention. More than once the old gentleman would say, "Beg pahdon, Majah A'thur," all of which Virginia pretended not to hear, but continued talking and laughing with such animation, that the poor old fellow was on the point of giving up in despair. However,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

after a bit there came a lull in the contest of words, and now was her father's opportunity, and he seized upon it with alacrity.

"Majah A'thur, you have no doubt had some experience in war, have you not?"

"Well, very little—scarcely worth mentioning; in fact, I never refer to it, unless my attention is called to the subject, and then but briefly. I have had a little experience with the Indians, but that has been a long time ago, and, I assure you, that it is of very little consequence, although I should not like to undergo a similar adventure. There is always a sad recollection of a bloody battle, that one does not care to mention; its scenes of slaughter, carnage, suffering and misery that are too painful to relate."

"Then, Majah A'thur, do I understand you to say that you were in a real battle with the Indians?"

"Yes, I presume the engagement arose to the dignity of a battle, as I remember, it was fierce and bloody."

"Where was it fought?"

"It was an engagement with the Indians in the western part of the territory of Ohio, and the battle is known in history as St. Clair's Defeat."

"St. Clair's Defeat!" exclaimed Virginia, and her father simultaneously, and they both leaned forward in their chairs to catch the next word of the narrator. And the old gentleman pursued the inquiry:

"And you were in that battle? I wish, Majah A'thur, you would relate to us a full account of this whole disastrous affair. My daughter and I would like very much to hear you tell it."

Arthur hesitated, and looked with searching



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

thoughts into the face of Virginia for her request. She had become interested in spite of herself. The name St. Clair had awakened a smouldering thought, she must know more, she must hear the story, and from her own lips came the entreaty:

“Major Arthur, if the recurring scenes of this tragic struggle are not too painful to you, I shall be more than interested in receiving from one who participated in the bloody engagement, a full account of its revolting horrors.”

“If it is your pleasure I shall gladly undertake to review for you the little that I remember of it, although I promise, you will agree with me, that the story is more sad than entertaining. It is so to me, for the memory of that dreadful day haunts me still, and like a monstrous and grotesque figure, its giant shadow spreads with the flight of years, too revolting and dreadful to relate in the presence of ladies, and to awful for men to dwell upon. I can do nothing more than but give you an outline of the bloody contest.”

### CHAPTER X

#### THE MARCH AND CAMP LIFE

Arthur St. Clair, an officer in the Old French War, a Major-General in the army of the Revolution and president of the Continental Congress, was appointed Governor of the Northwest Territory in 1788, with Winthrop Saergent as secretary, who also acted as chief magistrate in the absence of the Governor. When General St. Clair came to the territory in July,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

1788, the Indian tribes along the Wabash were taciturn, morose and sullen, and in some instances quite hostile toward the encroaching settlers. They continued to invade the Kentucky settlements, destroying property and greatly harassing the pioneers, until George Rogers Clark, an intrepid, courageous and brave commander, at the head of the Kentucky volunteers, in return for their depredations, destroyed their villages and waged a relentless warfare against them. Immigration to this unsettled and unknown territory was greatly retarded. The tomahawk and the scalping knife were a menace to the adventurer, a terror to the settler and a horrible dread to the pioneer and his family.

The blood-curdling stories of those who, by providence or strategy, had escaped the deadly blow of these munitions of Indian warfare, were poured into the ears of the more eastern settlers, with such effect, that many a brave yeoman would not forego the happiness of his own fireside to seek adventure among the redmen.

At the close of the Revolution the regular army, if entitled to such appellation, had been reduced to a mere handful—only seven hundred men comprised its number, and no officer was retained above the rank of captain. This meagre force was still further emasculated, until it numbered but twenty-five men, who were left to guard the stores at Pittsburg, and fifty men to perform military duty at West Point, and other places where munitions were stored.

At this time it was estimated that all the Indian tribes in the Northwest Territory did not number to exceed twenty thousand souls. And among them were



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

British emissaries, who were kindling the fires of hatred, and encouraging them to wage hostilities against the whites. These agents made their headquarters at the frontier forts, which had not been surrendered and turned over by Great Britain, according to the terms of the treaty with the United States. The military force of this territory at this time consisted of about six hundred men under the command of General Harmar, who had been appointed a Brigadier-General on the 31st day of July, 1787.

In the early part of 1789 Governor St. Clair held a council of peace at Ft. Harmar, at the mouth of the Muskingum River. Here were assembled the chiefs and sachems of the Six Nations, together with the representatives of the Indian tribes from the Mohawk Valley to the Wabash River. Old agreements and treaties were confirmed and boundaries established, which was by no means satisfactory to many of the tribes, who refused to accept the terms, and contended they were not binding upon them. Within a fortnight after the council had broken up at this fort bands of marauding Indians, in crimson paint and feather, were wearing the frown of war with menacing threats against the frontiers of Virginia and Kentucky.

It became evident that permanent peace with the Indians could not be considered with safety to the settlers. They waylaid the boats, wounded and plundered the immigrants all along the river from Pittsburgh to the falls of the Ohio. The plunder thus received accentuated their insatiable appetite for blood. General Harmar endeavored to chastise them, but his expedition, though well intended, proved a disaster,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

and his command was defeated at the Maumee Ford in October, 1790, with the loss of many of his brave men.

The Federal Government proclaimed, in most assuring terms, that the occupancy of the territory by the white man meant only peace and friendship and not war and bloodshed. These appeals, however, failed to have the pacific effect for which they were intended. The Indian could not be convinced of his error by these conciliatory measures, although the Government acted in good faith in its promulgation. Instead of becoming reconciled by these fatherly words of peace, he became aroused, renewed his depredations, and the work of his burning torch painted the western heavens aglow with the flames of pioneer homes. The Indian alone would doubtless have been satisfied, he would have watched the encroachment of the paleface upon his peaceful home and happy hunting grounds with a sad heart, and a longing desire to be unmolested, but nothing more. However, there was among them the infamous Simon Girty, a renegade white man, at the mention of whose name for more than twenty years the women and children of that western country turned pale, and quaked with fear and trembling. 'Twas he who kept the fires of hatred burning upon the council floors of the Indians. The debt he owed to human kind he paid by placing to the lips of innocent women and children the wassail of Indian brutality. May his name ever be a synonym of the most contemptible villain of any country on earth.

The several tribes of Indians were not without leaders; in fact, they were led by the bravest of the brave.



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

The tribes of the west were under Little Turtle, chief of the Miamies, a leader of courage and rare ability. Blue Jacket, Chief of the Shawnees and Buck-ong-gee-a-helos, Chief of the Delawares, now confederated to resist the whites and drive them, if possible beyond the Ohio River, which the Indian regarded as the boundary of their territory. Cornplanter, a famous chief, at the table of General Wayne, at Legionville, in 1793, said:

“My mind is on that river,” pointing to the Ohio; “may that water ever continue to remain the boundary of lasting peace between the redman and his pale-face brother.”

The expeditions of Harmar and Scott and Wilkinson were directed against the Miamies and Shawnees, with instructions to destroy or pacify them. A relentless war of spoliation was waged against them; their villages were burned; their cornfields despoiled and their women and children taken into captivity, which seemed to exasperate and arouse them to more desperate efforts, to defend their hunting grounds, their homes and to harass the settlers and invaders.

In the meantime, preparations were being pushed for the main expedition of General St. Clair, the purpose of which was to secure control over the savages by establishing a chain of forts from the Ohio River to Lake Erie, and especially by securing a strong position in the heart of the Miami country. The defeat of General Harmar proved the necessity of a strong check upon the Indians of the Northwest.

Indeed, the main object of the campaign of 1791 was to build a fort at the junction of the St. Mary and the St. Joseph rivers, which was to be connected



## Arthur St. Clair

---

by other intermediate forts or stations with Ft. Washington, thus affording protection for the settlers from the great lakes to the Ohio River.

In his advance to the Miami Village, St. Clair was directed to establish such posts of communication with Ft. Washington as should be deemed proper, while the post at the confluence of the St. Mary and St. Joseph was intended for the purpose of awing and curbing the Indians in that quarter, and as the only preventive of future hostilities. It was necessary that it should be made secure against all attacks and onslaughts of the Indians. The garrison to be stationed there was not only intended for defense of the place, but to always afford a detachment of five or six hundred men, either to chastise any of the Wabash Indians, or other hostile tribes and to secure a safe convoy of provisions.

General St. Clair began the organization of an army in April, 1790, at Pittsburg, under the instructions of the Secretary of War. At this point horses, stores and munitions were assembled, and on the 15th day of May, we reached Ft. Washington, on the Ohio River. (Where Cincinnati now stands.) The United States troops in the west at this time amounted to but two hundred and sixty-four non-commissioned officers and privates, who were fit for duty, and on the 15th day of July the first regiment, containing two hundred and ninety-nine men, reached this fort.

General Butler—poor, brave fellow, who fell in the engagement soon to follow—was appointed second in command, and during the months of April and May was busily engaged in obtaining recruits, but in this particular he was greatly handicapped, as there was



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

no money to pay them, nor to provide stores for their sustenance. There was great insufficiency in the quartermaster's department. Tents, pack-saddles, cooking utensils, knapsacks and cartridge boxes were all deficient, both in quantity and quality. The powder was of an inferior quality or damaged; the arms and accoutrements out of repair, and no proper or sufficient tools with which to mend them. Of the six hundred and sixty-five stands of arms at Ft. Washington, designed by St. Clair for the militia, scarcely any were in order, and with the two traveling forges there were no anvils, except small ones, which were of little or no service. The troops were slow in gathering at the fort, and there were many vexatious detentions at Pittsburg and other points. Intemperance prevailed to an annoying extent at the fort, and bad whisky was demoralizing the army. General St. Clair, in order to improve conditions, caused the soldiers, now numbering about two thousand men, to be removed to Ludlow Station, six miles away.

The army continued here until the 17th day of September, 1791, when being about two thousand, three hundred strong, moved forward to a point on the great Miami River, where they proceeded to construct a fort, called Fort Hamilton, the first in the chain of fortresses.

On the thirteenth, however, General St. Clair reconnoitred the country carefully, and selected the location for the purpose of a deposit of stores and supplies. Two hundred men were set to work the next day, under the direction of Major Ferguson, erecting the new fort. This was the second in the chain of fortifications, and was named Ft. Jefferson, in honor of the



## Arthur St. Clair

---

great author of the American Independence. On the morning of the 24th, after the completion of these forts, the army again took up the march, and pursued an old Indian trail, leading northward through a fine open forest, and after advancing a number of miles, encamped along the banks of a small creek, with a large open prairie on the west. At this place St. Clair did not build a fort, but established and maintained a camp and supply depot, and afterward Wayne constructed a fort here, and called it Ft. Greenville.

Early in the morning of the 3d of November, 1791, the drowsy soldier was aroused from his slumber by the tap of the drum, and a hurried breakfast prepared, after which they were ordered to fall in line, with little delay when the meal was finished. Taking up the line of march, we moved northward, bearing a little to the west, through an unbroken forest, and over an old Indian path that ran from the lakes to the Ohio River. Few white men had ever traveled it, but it had been in use for many years by the Indians. We pushed on, making pretty good advance, though we were in no great hurry, as the country being new and unknown, much precaution was used to learn our surroundings.

Our forces consisted of about fourteen hundred men, and there were also with us about two hundred and fifty women, and young ladies, wives and daughters of the soldiers, who had come along, little knowing whither they were going.

We were equipped with all kinds of arms, from fowling pieces to blunderbusses, and some with flintlock squirrel rifles. Four small brass cannon, with caisson attached, was the full complement of our bat-



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

tery, while about three hundred militia, poorly armed, comprised the whole of our motley force, very few of whom had ever seen any real service or ever had any experience in coping with the redman, the yeomen of the forest, whose vigil never slackens, and whose stealth is cunning personified, whose footsteps rustle not even the leaves upon which he treads, nor marks his course through the unbroken forest.

All day long the lowering clouds hung close to the ground, and the air seemed to contain a breath of snow. Already the frosts of autumn had painted the mighty primeval forest in nature's richest colors, varying from maple's yellow to the deepest crimson. As we moved along, we seemed quite a large body of men and women, and so many of us, we were assured, in our own minds, that the unbroken forest before us contained no foe in number, that could give us the slightest apprehension of fear. Little did we then know the danger that surrounded us upon every hand.

On and on we marched with little or no effort to maintain our columns. The mounted men in front, then the infantry, and last the women. The cannon were hauled in a more or less varying line, in order to avoid the timber. Grand Old Arthur St. Clair, the bravest of the brave, charitable to a fault, courageous to a point of censure, and chivalrous to the last, rode the head of his men. Grand, noble, prudent and watchful, mounted upon a white charger, that had seen better days, this specimen of the Revolutionary soldier, statesman, governor and general, presented a striking and imposing sight. His long, white hair, clubbed and powdered, hung out from under a tri-cockade. His sword, that had already served its country well,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

rattled and clanked at his side. Erect, gallant and commanding, he gave to his men the assurance their confidence might be entrusted to him with fidelity. Although suffering intensely with the gout, he bore the pain without complaint or murmur, and was patient, alert and took a deep interest in all that was passing around him.

As the shades of evening were gathering and darkness had began to deepen in the recesses of the forest the word "Halt!" was passed along the lines, and many a weary and foot-sore yeoman willingly gave up the march for the camp. We had proceeded to the banks of a small stream, at one time thought to be the Pickaway Fork of the Omee, but since determined to be the Wabash River, a distance of about ninety-eight miles from Ft. Washington.

Our purpose was to erect a block-house or wooden fort, the same as we had done at Ft. Jefferson, but the fatigue of the men prevented General St. Clair from having any works immediately erected that evening, as he had intended.

The ground upon which we were encamped for the night was high, dry and pleasantly situated, and not being very large in area, we were crowded closely together, and much more than usual. The stream swung around to the south, just skirting a high bank, which our front line paralleled, then ran a short distance almost west, bearing a little to the north. There was low wet land on both our flanks, and along most of our rear, and across the river to the north; in fact, we were pretty well surrounded by a sort of swail and river bottom, all of which was covered with a thick growth of tall dead grass, cattails, willows and



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

small timber. Across the river and on beyond the low bottoms the land gently rose to some elevation, to which point our militia advanced and bivouacked for the night.

Major Ferguson, commanding officer of the artillery, was sent forth at once, and plans were discussed and adopted for the building of the fort, its location agreed upon, and the work was to commence at the morning's dawn.

As the shadows deepened into night's sombre shade, silence fell upon the surroundings. The dense foliage overhead, so thick that the noonday sun could scarcely penetrate the archway of murmuring leaves, while in the deep, tangled depths of the wild wood lurked the red foe, hawk eyed and wolf hearted, watching, waiting, panting with impatience to strike the blow. In all that solitude, scarcely had a sound broken the continuity of silence, except the sharp report of the Indian's rifle, to which was soon to be added the tocsin of war.

The night had not far advanced when frequent firing of the sentinels broke in upon the night air; their sharp, piercing crack disturbed the camp, and frightened the women and alarmed the officers. Guards and reconnoitering parties kept reporting the Indians were skulking about in considerable numbers.

Ten o'clock came, and but little sleep. General Butler, who commanded our right wing, was directed to send out an intelligent officer and party for information, that the true situation might be ascertained.

Captain Slough, with two subalterns and thirty men, paraded in front of General Butler's tent at a little after ten o'clock. The General was much exercised,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

and seemed to have some apprehension that the enemy was about us in large numbers. He gave the captain very strict and particular orders just how to proceed, making doubly sure of the presence of the enemy, if any were near. This effort brought but little news to the officers. Some sign of the foe was discovered, but in the cover of the darkness the Indian had no trouble to conceal his presence from his pale faced enemy. Little Turtle and, in all probability, Tecumseh, two of the greatest Indian warriors known to history, were there, and had watched the white man in his forward movement, ready to strike the deadly blow, when advantage was assured. No better opportunity for savage ferocity was ever presented, and this the wily Indian leaders well knew. The ground was ideal for stealth and surprise; the tall grass, willows, timber and logs, with which the entire camp was surrounded, gave the red foeman an advantage which he well knew how to use.

Two or three officers remained with General Butler until a late hour, discussing their conditions and surroundings, then returned to the tent of the commander-in-chief, Major Ebenezer Denney, aide-de-camp of General St. Clair, had received a wound in the hand, which disabled him to the extent he was incapable of making up the report of the day. Being a fairly good penman, I was called into service, and assisted in recording the events, as dictated by the General, which took us until a late hour, and when my work was finished, I returned to my own tent to see how my comrade was deporting himself. To my surprise, he was awake and much out of sorts, as you will observe from our conversation.



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Well, hello, comrade! I thought you'd be asleep by this time!"

"Gwan, there! it's not mesilf that 'ud be slapin' whin ther's a lot of pisky Injins about."

"You are not afraid of them, are you?"

"Naw, I'm not 'fraid oov inny uf the loiks of thim; but phat I dun't loik uf thim is they be kapin' me awake whin Oi'd be after slapin'. Phy dun't they cum 'round in the marnin', like gintlemen, und act loik min. If they want to fight, lit thim cum 'round to me tint to-morrow marnin', and say to me:

"Good marnin', do yees want to foight?" Thin lad ye see me go for thim."

"I am afraid, comrade, you are not going to get along with the Indians very well, and if you get to fight them, you certainly will have to fight Indian fashion, or some redskin will be wearing your scalp at his belt."

"Oi tell yees, lad, if they foight me, they'll foight the way I want thim to or they'll git hurt, that's all, und the foirst dirty blackgar-rud thet lay his hands on me scalp O'll be after rakin' me huntin' knife across his windpipe."

"There! there! my dear old comrade, don't get angry, but let us turn in for the night, for I surmise we have a hard day's work before us."

Quietly, without further comment, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and my good comrade was soon sleeping the sleep of the innocent. For myself, I could not fasten down my eyelids, nor could I drive from my mind the thoughts of my dear mother. How I had wronged her, and could I ever atone for it. As



## Arthur St. Clair

---

I lay there, I thought I could hear her prayers for her absent boy.

Silence fell like a pall o'er the sleeping men and women. The wind blew through the autumn leaves with a breath of winter, and disturbed the canopy of matted foliage. No sound broke in upon the night, except the call of the sentinels, and now and then the crack of the rifle in the distance, which gave proof that the enemy was near. But few of the men had tents, and many were compelled to sleep upon the ground in the open, with little or no covering to protect them from the evening's chill.

Finding I could not sleep, I arose and went out of my tent, and looked about me. As far out in the darkness as I could see stood the trunks of giant forest trees, the vigils of the night. While here and there dimly burned the wooden chunks of a smouldering fire, that when fanned by that autumnal gust, the sparks went upward and outward, expiring in their brief flight.

### CHAPTER XI

#### THE BATTLE

The morning's gray dawn, with its streaks of light, gave proof that the day was standing on tiptoe, looking over the eastern horizon, when the tap of the kettle-drum aroused the drowsy soldiers from their wakening slumbers. Nature had robed the woodland with her mantle of purest white, spreading a curtain, upon which the crimson gore of human carnage was soon to be portrayed in blood and massacre. The snow that had fallen during the night was so light that it





Where the Indians were concealed on the morning of the 4th.

(Arthur St. Clair.)—P 95.







## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

was little more than a heavy hoar frost, and yet, in looking some distance away, everything seemed whitened with age.

On a piece of rising ground, timbered with mighty forest trees of oak, ash and hickory the encampment was spread along the bank of a fordable stream, and extending north and south, with our four cannons arranged in the centre. Outside of our camp, and to north across the stream was an elevated plain, covered with an open front of stately trees. There our militia, three hundred and fifty independent, half in-subordinate men, under Lieutenant Oldham, of Kentucky, were encamped.

The sun had not yet risen on the morning of the 4th of November when all the troops were out and finished the usual parade. They had been dismissed from the lines, and had returned to prepare their meagre breakfast. Scarcely had the streaming light of the rising sun began to blaze its way through the forest, like threads of burnished gold, ere frying-pans, coffee-pots and cooking utensils were hurriedly exchanged for instruments of war. A half-cooked meal was deserted by hungry men with reluctance. The call "To Arms!" flew from lip to lip, and rusty flint-locks were seized with heroic hands, whose quickening pulse was soon to be forever stilled. An unappeased appetite must now gormandize on the scenes of war, whose bloody carnage ere long stopped their gnawing hunger. The leaving of the larger portion of our stores and supplies at the last camp made short rations and necessitated sending back the first regiment to bring up the supply of provisions, and if possible, overtake and arrest some of the deserters,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

three hundred of whom had left us, and were returning to their homes. The men had but little supper and no breakfast, and we were by no means conditioned for the struggle about to take place.

The beginning of the battle was sudden, desperate and unannounced. The main body of the troops were apprised of the beginning with consternation and alarm, as two thousand savage throats rent the morning air with a fiendish yell, following like an echo upon the discharge of their musketry. The first attack was made upon the militia, who were thrown into disorder at the very beginning. A maddened frenzy seized them. They could not be controlled or managed. Lieutenant Oldham commanded, shouted at the top of his voice and with menacing dignity tried in vain to stem the tide of human fear and to bring discipline out of disorder, but all to no purpose. The suddenness of the attack, and the terrific yells of the infuriated savages were more than inexperienced men could withstand. The fire was returned by a single desultory volley, when they broke, gave way and fled into the very arms of the enemy, who were expecting and ready to receive them with bloody hands. The result was terribly disastrous, and the greater number of the militia were left dead or wounded, without having done any injury to their savage foes.

The low ground between the main camp and the position of the militia was occupied by the enemy. The rank grass, weeds and willows, with which these bottoms were thickly covered, afforded them an excellent hiding place, where they were completely hidden while lying down; and this low swale of land extended pretty well around the camp, and was generally in-



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

fested with Indians hiding behind trees, logs and fallen timber.

Our troops in the main camp were soon in order, General Butler being present and General St. Clair arriving on foot soon after, every effort was made to check the fleeing militia, and counteract the disorder caused by the precipitous arrival of Oldham's scared and frantic men. This was never wholly accomplished, and the militia never fully recovered from their fright during the engagement.

The pursuing savages were close upon the heels of the fleeing men, and it took extraordinary effort to check them. Our artillery and musketry made a most tremendous noise. All four of our cannon were loaded and fired with great rapidity, but with little or no execution, as the enemy were on lower ground, scattering to avoid its effect, they moved to the right and left, completely surrounding the camp.

The first line met and withstood the shock for some time, but the fire was so rapid, and the aim of the enemy so deadly, that it soon thinned their ranks, and the men began to look to the second line for support. In this particular their hopes were in vain, for they, too, had been attacked, and a fierce and bloody battle was on. The fire of the enemy was mostly directed to the centre of the lines, where the artillery was placed, and from which the men were driven with great slaughter.

The Indians fought Indian fashion, advancing from one tree, log or stump to another, and all the while unseen, but loading and firing with death-dealing effect. General St. Clair was not in his uniform, but wore a coarse cappa coat and three-cornered hat, his



## Arthur St. Clair

---

long queue and heavy gray locks flowed beneath his beaver. Early in the action, when near the artillery, a ball grazed the side of his face, cutting away a portion of one of his silver locks, just as he was advancing to command the front line, which he lead in person, his presence giving his men confidence, with renewed energy, they drove the enemy before them and regained the ground lost before his arrival.

The Indians braved everything and fought like enraged beasts, and when they had encompassed our army they kept up a constant fire, which told with fatal effect, although scarcely heard. The left flank, probably from the nature of the ground, gave way first, and the enemy rushing in to take possession of this part of the encampment, collected in large numbers, affording a good mark for our bullets, and being open and exposed, they were soon driven from their position.

In the struggle, the fire of the enemy being concentrated largely upon the centre of our camp, the emergency required drastic measures, and Colonel Darke was directed to charge them with the bayonet. No sooner ordered than acted upon. The brave Colonel, with a portion of the second line, charged the enemy with success. They instantly gave way, and were driven back several hundred yards. This position should have been maintained, and would have been but for the want of sufficient number of riflemen to preserve and hold the advantage gained. Reloading as they retreated from the gleaming bayonets, the enemy renewed their attack, and the brave Colonel and his men in turn were forced to give way. At this instant the Indians, maddened with their success,



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

again entered our camp on the left, having forced back the troops stationed at that point, and another bayonet charge was ordered and made by Major Butler, a brother of General Butler, and Colonel Clark with great success. The savages were driven back with heavy loss. Several other charges were made by these gallant leaders with equal effect, and the enemy was forced from shelter, but no sooner had the charging party started to return, in order to keep in communication with the main camp, than the Indians fired upon their backs, with deadly results. These charges could not be repeated very often, for each time the officers became targets for their well-aimed rifles.

In the charge made by the second regiment, Major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of that regiment fell, except three, one of whom was shot through the body. The Major was at the head of his men, urging them on when he fell. His fall caused his men to give way, and the Indians, noting this dilemma, rushed upon us, and it was with great hazard that we were able to get him away safely.

Fierce, deadly and terrific waged the bloody battle. Men and officers on every hand performed numberless heroic deeds, and the commanders especially were cautious, prudent and courageous throughout the engagement. General St. Clair and General Butler were continually going up and down the lines, and all the time exposed to the fire of the enemy. As one went up, the other down the opposite, and thus they were constantly encouraging their men. St. Clair was so severely afflicted with the gout as to render him unable to mount or dismount a horse without assistance. He



## Arthur St. Clair

---

had four horses for his use, and they had been turned out to feed overnight, but fortunately were brought in before the beginning of the battle. The first one he attempted to mount, at the beginning of the action, was a young horse, but the firing so frightened him that he was unable to accomplish it, although three or four were assisting him. Several unsuccessful attempts were made, and finally he moved him to a place where he could have some advantage of the ground, and renewed the effort to mount, and when about to accomplish it, the horse received a bullet in the head and fell, while the boy who was holding the animal was shot through the arm. A second horse was brought forth at once, and the bridle and saddle taken from the dead horse was placed upon him, but while the general was inspecting the girth the animal and the servant who held him were killed. The third horse was ordered, and when ready was to be brought to him at the left of the front line, which, by that time, was warmly engaged, and the delay becoming vexatious, the general set off on foot with all possible haste to the point designated. However, the man and the horse were never heard of afterward, and in all probability both were killed. The general's fourth horse was killed under the Count Malartie, one of his aides, whose horse had died on the march. Being without a mount, he exerted himself on foot for a considerable time during the action, with a degree of alertness that surprised all who saw him. For the time being, the excitement had made him forget his painful gout, and after being on foot until almost exhausted a pack horse was brought for him, which he rode during the day, although it was with difficulty that the animal



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

could be spurred out of a walk. Thus poorly mounted and suffering the rigors of a painful disease, he seemed everywhere present, directing, commanding and encouraging his men, his gleaming sword pointed the way to deeds of valor. Eight bullets passed through his clothing, yet nothing daunted him.

On came the painted foe, with menace and death, creeping closer and closer to our diminishing lines, springing from tree to tree, skulking through the cover of the underbrush, unseen except when leaping up to deliver their deadly fire, they approached our shivering flanks, until at length they formed a complete circle of flame around our distracted army.

Butler and Darke were brave and courageous officers, and strove with heroic effort, to bear up against this galling fire, but it was too deadly for human endurance. General Butler soon fell, mortally wounded, and the Indians, emboldened by their success, leaped from their hiding places, and with uplifted tomahawks, accompanied by the most unearthly yells, rushed upon our disordered ranks. The carnage was terrible, and upon it all, and over it all, arose the bright morning sun, pouring its flood of light on the mingled hosts, in battle array, wrapped in a cloud of smoke of their own making, that hung on the early morn like a veil of death.

Major Butler, although so badly wounded he could not mount his horse alone, was helped into his saddle and led his men into charge after charge, fighting with maddened desperation, each time to be driven back upon a more disheartened, distracted and helpless army.

The best officers having fallen, all order was lost;



## Arthur St. Clair

---

all discipline gone; frenzied with fear, the men huddled together in a dense but helpless mass, and were mowed down with frightful rapidity. All around this frightened group of humanity, the braver and more experienced soldiers were seen struggling single-handed with their painted foe, while the edges of this human throng crumbled away like the banks of a mist before the morning sun.

The men being thus left with only a few officers, became disheartened, and despairing of success, gave up the battle. To save themselves they abandoned their ground and crowded in toward the centre of the field, at a point where the wounded had been carried at the beginning of the engagement, as this was thought to be the safest. Twice were the poor fellows taken out to the lines, but all to no purpose, and rushing back in a panic, they became helpless and hopeless.

The Indians at length secured the artillery, but not until the officers were all killed but one, and he was badly wounded when the cannons were spiked. As the lines of our army were gradually deserted, the Indians drew closer. Their shots then centered and with deliberate aim the execution was fearful. There was, too, a cross-fire, and officers and men fell in every direction. The distress and cries of the wounded were indescribable, and no tongue will ever tell what they suffered. To this dreadful confusion were added the cries of the women, who were huddled together, hiding here and there, as best they could, in tents and behind trees and logs. No effort had been made to protect them or lead them to a place of safe retreat, and in fact this could not have been done, if



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

desired, there being no place and no troops to furnish an escort. The Indians gave their attention mostly to the soldiers and had paid but little notice to the women, although many of them were killed during the battle.

All was disorder, confusion and distress on every hand. General Butler, mortally wounded; Colonel Oldham, fallen; Ferguson, Hart and Clark, reported dead. Delay for a few moments and all is lost and retreat impossible. No time for planning; no truce; no respite; hundreds of brave men and scores of lovely women must be left upon the field of battle, to be assaulted, outraged and murdered by human fiends.

There was no alternative but retreat; no safety but flight; no succor but the fleetness of one's own limbs. Nine o'clock, and scarcely had three hours elapsed since the beginning of the onslaught, and yet what a dreadful change had been wrought. That little battlefield presented a horrid and revolting aspect—the ground was literally covered with the dead, dying and wounded, and among them the maddened and frenzied savages rushed with tomahawk uplifted and scalping knife running red with human gore, crushing in the skulls of those still breathing, or ripping out the bowels of the wounded and tearing the scalps from their helpless victims with insatiable wrath.

General Butler was among the fallen, and had to be deserted upon the field of bloody horror; no aid at hand; escape impossible; he lay weltering in his own blood; his frame racked with intense pain; an enraged red demon approached, and rushing upon him with brutal savagery, buried his tomahawk in his brain,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

tore away his scalp, and not having appeased his brutal atrocity, dug out his heart and divided it into as many pieces as there were tribes and distributed them about.

Something must be done to save the few remaining men and women. "Retreat!" "Retreat!" shouted General St. Clair, and Colonel Darke was ordered to push forward with his handful of men and charge the Indians in the rear and open up a passage way through the enemies' lines. The sound of retreat gave the men courage, and the hope of escape aroused them to action. The remnant of that bleeding and broken army broke into a wild headlong flight. The Indians temporarily gave way, as they had no suspicion that the charge of Colonel Darke's forces was intended for the advance movement of a retreat. After the enemy fell back the men were for a moment undecided through fear, when Catharine Miller rushed by like the flight of an arrow. She wore unplaited a profusion of red hair, so bright and golden, that it blazed and flashed in the morning sun like a beacon light on Mount Seir. The effect was magic. The stoutest and most active now took lead, and those who were foremost in breaking through the lines of the enemy, were soon in the rear. On flew the oriflamme of red hair like a frightened gazelle, and following close behind were men and women, soldiers and officers, fleeing for their lives, all in one mottled mass of struggling, frightened humanity, while close upon their heels came the relentless, infuriated and blood-thirsty foe; so close, that the hot breath of the pursuer was felt upon the face of the pursued. The deadly tomahawk could be plainly heard crushing in the



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

skulls of the overtaken; the heart-rending screams of the women soon ended by a crushing blow or the deadly thrust of the hunting knife.

Here and there in our maddened flight were overtaken and passed the wounded and maimed; they could hold out no longer; human energy had been exhausted; weakened from the loss of blood, they could go no farther. Soon to fall into the hands of the deadly pursuer, whose approach was close at hand, their lamentations were heartrending; their supplications pitiable; their appeals for aid would melt a heart of adamant. To stop to assist them was certain death; to pass them by seemed inhumanly cruel, and yet on and on the more able-bodied hastened, bent in his own selfish desire to save himself. However, there were many attempts at the beginning of the flight to save those who were near and dear, but those who undertook to carry another upon his back, and run with such unnatural load, soon learned that he was rapidly falling in the rear, and that the enemy was gaining upon him. Wounded men and women were thus compelled to loosen their holds about the neck of their would-be rescuer, and in some instances, this could be accomplished only by cutting off their fingers, as they held on with a deathlike grip, to fall at the feet of their insatiable foes.

The Indians came on like a wolf at the fold,  
Their cohorts in numbers that have never been told,  
And the brutal frowns on their faces they wore,  
Were masked and crimsoned with human gore.



## CHAPTER XII

### AFTER THE BATTLE

Perhaps in all history there is not recorded a more bloody, atrocious and revolting tragedy than the one enacted on that November morning. Only a small part of the bloody accompaniment, set to the discordant terror of savage brutality will ever be known, and but little will be transcribed upon the pages of history; enough perhaps may be preserved to posterity to give some idea of what humanity has suffered for humanity's sake. There were many deeds of valor performed on that day, the like of which have few equals, but their authors will never be known and the record of their deeds never kept.

In our maddened flight for safety, the thought uppermost in the mind of everyone was his own personal welfare. Major Clark with a battalion covered the rear as best he could and did all that was possible to protect the fleeing soldiers and turn the Indians back. The camp had been entirely abandoned with the wounded men and women and all the equipage, as well as our artillery, which for want of horses to draw it, was left in the hands of the enemy, who had no possible use for it, except to exercise their wrath in its destruction, which was soon accomplished, and the barrels thrown in the river.

The route of our flight could be traced for miles by fire-locks, cartridge boxes and regimentals strewn upon the ground, as they had been discarded by some



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

weary soldier in his efforts to lighten his burden. And there were other and more serious evidence of the course and nature of that flight, for here and there through the woods, by the willows, over against the fallen monarch of the forest, down by the babbling stream, and in the thick clump of underbrush were human faces, upturned to that November sun, bearing the marks of human orgies, the stain of human blood, and the proof of insatiable brute force.

At first the whole band of Indians within rifle range fired upon us as we ran, but this did not continue, however, a great while, although we were followed some distance by a very great number, many of whom turned back for the spoils of the camp, and thus the firing gradually ceased; but the Indians were still pursuing. Small bands of them outstripping the men and women and surrounding them, overtaking the wounded or exhausted, capturing those who, from loss of blood or fright, could go no further.

Soon after the firing ceased General St. Clair sent forward an officer with instructions to gain the front, and, if possible, to cause a halt until the rear might reach the main body of the army. The officer succeeded in bringing this about for a short time, but could not restrain them long. We were, indeed, a most miserable and defenseless body of men and women. Fear of being overtaken, and the horrors of what had been witnessed, entirely unnerved them, and the most lamentable cry went up "to push on." It was most fortunate for us that pursuit was discontinued, for a single Indian might have followed with perfect safety on either flank, and had they continued in their savage desperation, but few, if any,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

would have held out until they were met by the first regiment.

General St. Clair was the last to leave the field of battle, remaining at the rear for two reasons: one, to guard and protect the interest of his men, as far as possible, and the other was on account of the condition of his mount, which kept him behind until the afternoon, when a detachment of the first regiment met our retreating army. This regiment was the only complete and best-disciplined portion of the whole body of men. They were thirty miles from the battlefield, when the sound of firing cannon broke the morning stillness and told of the raging contest. They well knew the cause of it all, and moved forward with all possible speed to the assistance of their distressed countrymen, and had marched about nine miles, when they were met by some of Oldham's men. Major Hamtrack, the commanding officer, with uncovered head and face wet with tears, received the sad intelligence of the ill-fated army. The condition of the men and women as they continued to come up, moved the major to the deepest sympathy and told better than tongue can describe of the ordeal through which they had just passed. The regiment could render no assistance to the army by going further over the line of retreat, but could be of great aid in protecting them against further attack, which was probable.

It was thought best to send a subaltern to obtain some knowledge of the situation in the rear, and to return with his regiment to Fort Jefferson, eight miles back, and secure that post at all events. This theory was acted upon, and all moved forward for the fort, the same being the second one built in the



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

line of defences. At last, about dark, the tired and half-starved men and women reached the portals of this crude blockhouse, to fall prostrate with sheer exhaustion. Heaven's pearly gates and streets of gold will not be hailed with greater joy or more thankful hearts than was this temporary haven of rest and protection. For hours after the main body had reached the fort, there continued to arrive stragglers, who, with superhuman strength, had pushed on until at last they had reached this goal, more dead than alive.

Of the two hundred and fifty women who were with the army, fifty-six were killed in battle, while many more lost their lives on the retreat, and a great number were taken captive by the Indians, to be subjected to barbarous and inhuman treatment, such as only savage brutality could invent. Fewer than one hundred reached Fort Washington, after an experience that beggars all description.

After determining to return to Fort Jefferson with the balance of the troops, a halt was ordered until St. Clair arrived, which was no great while. A very poor old man, on an old, broken, pack-horse, presented a sorrowful and touching sight. Colonel Hamtramck went out to meet him, and clasping his hand remained silent for a moment, when the Colonel in deepest sympathy, remarked:

"If the first regiment had been present, General, the result would have been different." To which the general replied:

"Your desire to have been present to assist your countrymen is certainly very laudable and no one appreciates it more than I, although I very sincerely doubt whether you would have succeeded in doing



## Arthur St. Clair

---

more than increase the death-roll. Your misfortune in being absent is more than overcome by your good luck in being elsewhere. It was terrible, Colonel—simply dreadful! My heart is sad and almost broken. I have witnessed several battles. I have looked upon human slaughter, but this day's work was simply a reign of terror, and the field of action drenched with human blood. It was the most disastrous and terrible of them all."

When the General was through speaking, his face was wet with tears, and his voice came up in his throat and stopped their further conversation. The poor old man was a pitiable sight.

A forward movement was ordered, and we started on, a sad and mournful remnant of a broken army. A few hours' march and we reached Fort Jefferson, twenty-seven miles from the field of action, without provisions of any kind, and not having tasted a mouthful of food for twenty-four hours. A convoy of provisions was on the road and within a day's march, but the wait seemed almost impossible, as our hunger had reached a point of desperation. After a careful consideration of the situation, it was determined by General St. Clair, that on account of the accommodations and size of the fort, that it would not be advisable to remain over night with the whole force. At ten o'clock that night the general ordered all who were able, to form in line and start at once for Fort Hamilton. The advance was very slow, and the place was not reached until the afternoon of the sixth, while General St. Clair arrived there in the morning.

The women and wounded, and those who were un-



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

able to go any further were left at Fort Jefferson, where they were made as comfortable as possible. A body of the most experienced fighters were left at the fort to protect the place against assault until they were able to move forward to Fort Hamilton, which they accordingly did in a few days. After reaching Fort Washington, and having rested for a short time, our hunger in the meantime having been fully satisfied, the men began to relate their personal experiences, some of which seemed almost incredible. I cannot repeat all that I heard told, but only some of the more interesting adventures will be related.

Mr. James McDowell told me in graphic manner his experience in the battle and on the retreat.

“Rising very early I found the ground covered with slushy snow, which very much retarded the movement of the men. At the commencement of the action several of us were out looking for our horses, when suddenly our hair was raised by the most hideous yells, followed by the rapid firing of musketry. We all rushed into camp, joining our forces, who were preparing for action, and I soon after went with the force that charged down the river bank and into the tall grass that covered the bottom. In our retreat an incident occurred that touched me greatly. As we were rushing along pell mell, relieving ourselves of everything that would impede our progress, I chanced to see a woman in sore distress. At her bosom clung an innocent babe. The child was about a year old, I should judge, and was a great hindrance to its mother. She had struggled along for nearly three miles from camp and was completely exhausted; further progress with the babe in her arms was impossible. To



## Arthur St. Clair

---

relieve her, I took the child and carried it for a short distance, encouraging the mother all I could; other duties arose that demanded my attention, and I was compelled to give the babe over to the mother. The Indians were gaining upon her and she must soon be overtaken, if the child was not abandoned. I saw her fall while the enemy was almost in reach of her, and the infant rolled from her arms. No time to pick it up—no time for delay; hard upon her with tomahawk raised, came the painted foe—not even time to snatch a kiss from the innocent brow. The mother, relieved of her burden, bounded forth, while her pursuer paused in his wrath, lifted up the bundle and seeing its contents, pressed to his savage bosom the little innocent babe.”

While at the fort I also heard Major Jacob Fowler relating to those about him some of his personal experiences. The Major had participated in a great many struggles with the Indians and was their equal in field or forest, and he said:

“I had been using my trusty squirrel rifle, supplying the camp with game, as our stock of provisions was running very low, and we were on half rations most of the time. My stock of bullets had reached a point of scarcity and about daylight on the morning of the fourth, I started to go over where the militia were encamped to get a ladle for moulding more of the leaden pellets, when I discovered that trouble had commenced, and I met them running like wild men into the main body of troops. As they passed me, I noticed that one of Oldham’s men had a badly shattered wrist, and I stopped him and inquired if he had any balls to spare. He told me he would divide with



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

me. Taking his shot pouch I poured out a double handful and put back what I supposed was the half, and was about to leave him, when he said: 'Stop, you had better count them!' It was no time for levity, but his remark was so facetious I could hardly resist the impulse to laugh. Stopping, while being attacked by a band of blood-thirsty Indians, to count a handful of bullets, and I said to him: 'If we get through with this day's scrap, my dear fellow, and I find you have any further use for bullets, I shall be pleased to return twice as many.' But I never saw that jolly fellow again and owe the leaden pellets to this day.

"After leaving my Kentucky comrade, I turned back to the main camp and saw an Indian behind a small tree, not more than twenty yards away, and just outside the regular lines. He was loading his gun and squatting down as much as possible to hide himself. I thought, 'Old fellow, I'll let you taste one of my borrowed bullets and see how you like them.' I drew sight at his hips and let him have it, but did not stop to ask him whether he was satisfied, but suppose he was, as he made no complaint. Leaving him with the borrowed lead, I went to the rear line, where Colonel Darke was leading about three hundred men to charge the Indians with bayonets, and, of course, I followed with my rifle, and soon got my share of Indians. Being an experienced woodsman and hunter, I suggested to the Colonel a certain movement should be made, and he shouted to me: 'Lead the way then!' And I did, but we got into a mix-up where there were more Indians than I was looking for. They closed around us and drove us toward the centre of the camp, where we soon found ourselves along-



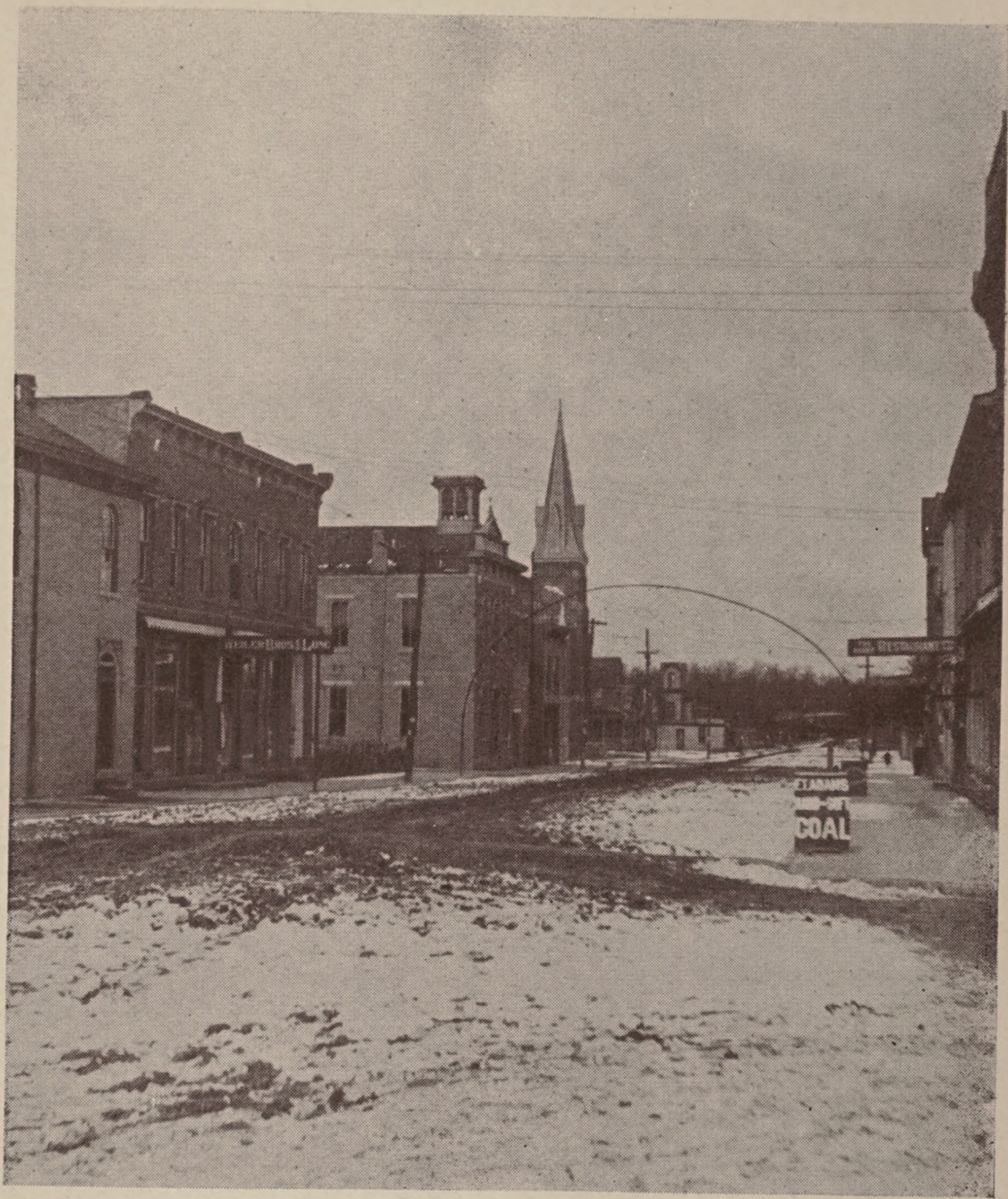
## Arthur St. Clair

---

side of the army baggage and artillery, of which they had already taken possession. I got behind a tree, loading and firing several times as fast as I could, at a distance of two or three rods; I was surprised that my man did not fall, and I began to think that my borrowed lead was not intended for Indians, but remembering that my first victim liked his bullets about the hips, I concluded that perhaps others had the same preference, and as it made no difference to me, I thereafter accommodated quite a few of them.

"While I was hugging close to my tree, as I felt much safer there on account of the manner in which the regulars were using their muskets, I looked up from my work and saw Colonel Darke's command, which had now dwindled down to about thirty, and the brave Colonel was waving his sword, trying to encourage his men, when I ran over to him and told him we would be all shot down, if we didn't charge on them. 'Charge, then!' said he to his little band of brave men, and they did. Fortunately, the army had charged on the other side at the same time, which put the Indians for the moment to flight. I looked around and found a small tree that was unoccupied, and getting up as close to it as I could, I saw a couple of Indians, who had gotten behind a larger one, and about that time they fired at me so close I could almost taste the powder. At first I thought I was cut in two, but finding I wasn't hurt, I quickly discharged my rifle without taking aim, and let the one who stood his ground have a taste of it at close range, and he tumbled upon the ground, and while he was crawling away on all fours, Colonel Darke, who had just dismounted close by me, made at him and struck off





Wayne St., Ft. Recovery, O.

This is the actual scene of the battle. The fort occupied the site of the buildings on the left.

(Arthur St. Clair.)—P. 115.



11

5



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

his head with his sword. I soon after saw another Indian break for a tree about forty yards away, behind which he loaded and fired four or five times, bringing down his man every time. In his hurry he got from behind his tree just a little too far, when I let him have some of his own treatment, and had no further trouble with him. By this time the army was breaking up and making off rapidly, the savages in full chase, hardly twenty yards behind. Being very active, I soon got from the rear to the front, although I had much trouble to avoid the bayonets which the men had thrown off in their retreat, with the sharp point toward their pursuers. The Indians kept hot after us, falling back every other shot, then running to make up for lost time, and in this way they followed us for several miles.

"While Colonel Darke was making his last desperate charge, the dead and dying lay around us, almost entirely covering the ground, and the freshly scalped heads reeking with smoke in the heavy morning frost, looked like a field of pumpkins in December, while the ground was saturated with the blood of those who had fallen in the awful carnage."

Of the many and varied accounts that were told and retold by those who experienced them, none is perhaps more interesting than that of William Kennan, a young man of about eighteen, who was attached to the corps rangers, who accompanied the regular force, and of wonderful physique and activity in muscular attainment, who gave me the following narrative:

"Just as the day was dawning, myself and about twenty rangers observed some thirty Indians advancing very cautiously within one hundred yards of



## Arthur St. Clair

---

where we were standing, and supposing them to be a mere scouting party, I sprang forward to a bunch of rank grass to shelter myself and fired upon the foremost one, not doubting but what the rangers would support me. The enemy rushed upon them in such overwhelming numbers that they were compelled to fly for their lives, leaving me to do the best I could. The captain of the company, seeing my distress, shouted: 'Run, Kennan, or you are a dead man!' The Indians were within ten feet of me, while the company was more than a hundred yards in front. Seeing my danger, and not a moment to lose, I sprang forward and was pursued by a dozen of the enemy with loud yells. I ran for the fort with all possible speed, and was outstripping my pursuers, when the Indians who had passed me, while I was lying down, headed me off, and another Indian, Chief Messhawa, noted for his swiftness, pressed uncomfortably close upon the rear. In the circuit which I was forced to make, I had run about four hundred yards, and we were only about eighteen feet apart, and I could not widen the breach, nor could he diminish it, each of us putting his whole soul in the race.

"My pursuer held aloft a tomahawk in a menacing attitude, and fearing that he might throw it, I concluded that I would meet my antagonist in this line, but imagine my surprise, when I discovered that I was totally disarmed. I had slackened my pace some, and the chief was close upon me, and my hair lifted my cap from my head when I saw how helpless I was. The only means of escape left me was my limbs, and of these I made the best possible use. In watching my pursuer, I had paid but little attention to the



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

nature of the ground before me, and suddenly found myself confronted by a fallen tree, which lay upon the ground and was eight or nine feet in height. What was to be done? I could not go around it and not a moment to deliberate. I must clear the impediment or my scalp will decorate my pursuer's belt. The Indian thus far had not uttered the slightest sound, but seeing my predicament, gave a short, quick yell as secure of his victim. I thought, 'over that log I must go,' and over I went, clearing limbs, brush and everything, and landed on the other side in perfect safety. A loud yell of astonishment burst from the band of pursuers, but not one of them attempted the same feat.

"In the retreat, I was attached to Major Clark's battalion and aided in protecting the rear. We had not gone far, however, when the Major fell, and the corps was soon disorganized, and flight being the only means of escape, it was not long until I was at the front, passing several horsemen. As I was rushing along ahead of most of all the others, I beheld a private in my own company, and a very dear and intimate friend of mine, lying upon the ground with his thigh broken. He held out his hands and with the most pitiable lamentations begged me to save him. The peril of the moment was imminent, the most terrible danger was at hand and a moment's delay might prove fatal. Yet his appeal was heartrending and I could not pass by him. Quickly placing him upon my back, I ran for several hundred yards, while many horsemen passed me, all of whom refused to relieve me of my burden. Rapidly my strength was failing me; the burden was too much to bear and



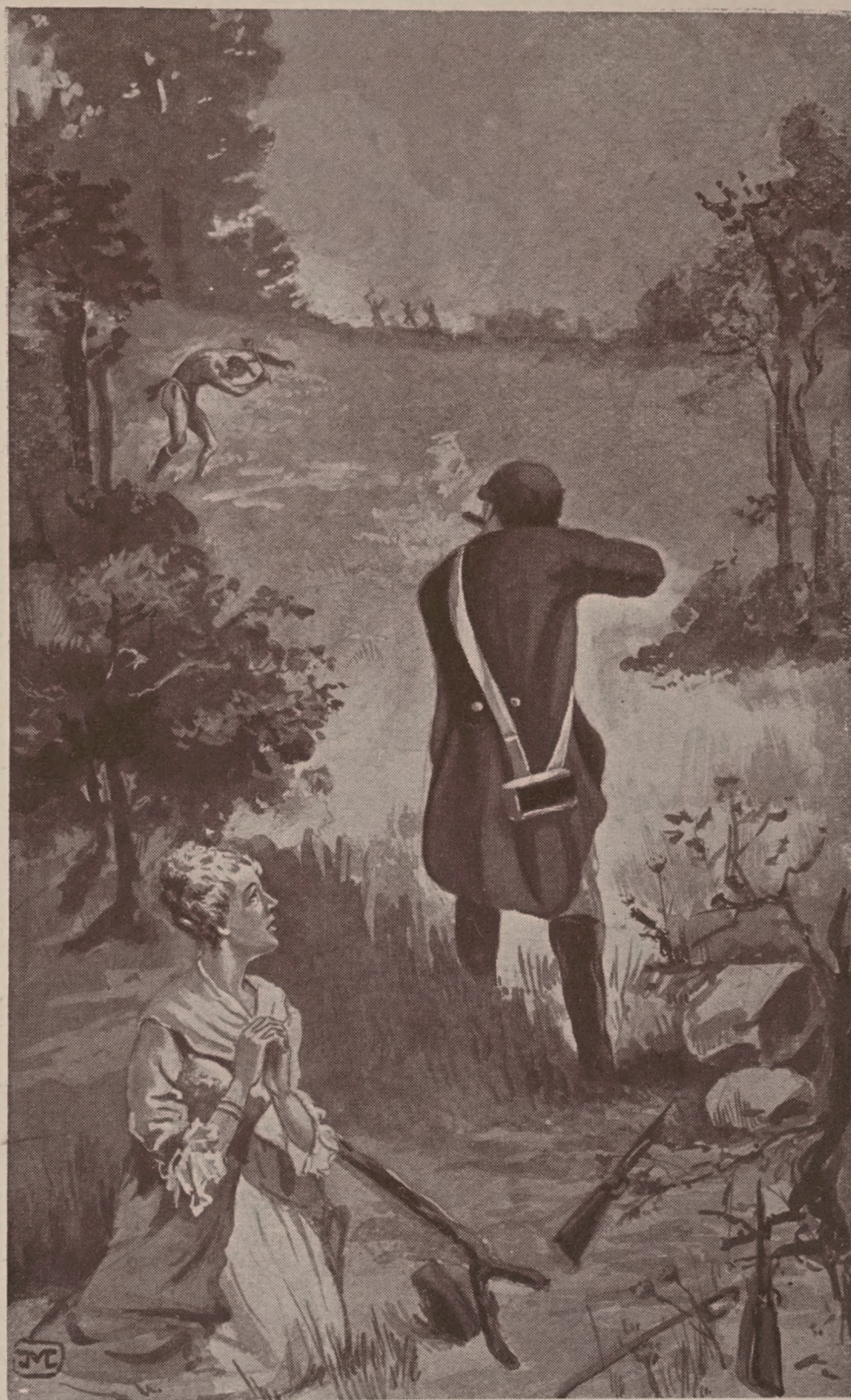
## Arthur St. Clair

---

keep out of the reach of the enemy, who were coming closer each moment, and I saw that it would all soon be over with us. I said to my friend as we hurried along: 'I have made every possible effort to save you from the savage foes at our heels, even at the risk of my own life, but all in vain. My strength is rapidly failing under the weight of your body and I shall soon be prostrated. The Indians are gaining upon us and will soon strike the deadly blow that will send you and I to the happy hunting-ground, unless you relinquish your hold around my neck. It is only a question of whether you prefer to die with me, or whether you would as soon die alone, for in either event you must perish.'

"The thoughts of falling into the hands of the savage brutes, who were close upon us, so frightened him, that the poor distracted fellow would not listen to reason, and convulsively clinging to my neck, begged me most tenderly to not let him down. The foremost of the enemy were now within twenty yards, and with uplifted tomahawks were crushing in the skulls of those about us. The poor fellow begged me to push on faster, which I tried to do, my panting breath coming so fast that I could scarcely answer, but there is a limit to human strength and endurance, and I found that I was rapidly reaching the point of exhaustion. Knowing that we both would perish in a few minutes, and being satisfied that I had done for my friend all I could do, and all that I could ask him to do for me, I drew my hunting knife—there was no other way—as I did not have the strength to loosen his hold, and quickly severed in twain the fingers of my poor unfortunate friend, and he fell to the ground





"I quickly put my rifle to my shoulder; a sharp report rang out, and he plunged forward upon his face."

(Arthur St. Clair.)—P. 119.







## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

in utter helplessness, and in another instant his soul took its flight into the eternal world, as his scalp took its place at the belt of his foe, who with savage glee grunted 'nuthern.'

"My own personal experience in this bloody contest, I scarcely ever mention, but feeling that perhaps you might find it interesting, I shall relate it, although it savors a bit of romance. Rushing along in great hurry, striving to gain and keep the front, I was attracted by a woman's voice and stopped to listen. Looking in the direction of the sound, I saw a young lady sitting on a log, and approaching her, I learned that she had received a wound in the foot, from which she was suffering great pain, and was so crippled she could make little or no headway in escaping. She begged me to assist her, if I would, and her face, so tender and pure, pleaded more pathetically than her words, and I could not refuse, though I should perish in the attempt. Rushing to a clump of bushes, I soon cut a limb with a fork at the top, and taking off my fur cap, and placing it in the crotch, it made a very excellent crutch. Taking hold of her arm, we put off with all possible speed, although many were passing us. Our progress was comparatively slow, and the Indians were within hearing, the sound of their rifles coming closer. One big old savage, who was painted most hideously, saw our dilemma, and with an exultant cry dashed after us, but about the time he came within thirty yards, I quickly put my rifle to my shoulder; a sharp report rang out, and he plunged forward upon his face. Looking about, my young lady was on her knees praying. Assuring her that we could not take the time to offer our novenas, but that



## Arthur St. Clair

---

we must push on, she quickly arose and crippled along without my assistance, as I was loading my rifle for an emergency. We were getting greatly behind the foremost ones, and the enemy came closer upon the rear, all of which greatly worried and distressed the young woman, and she began to lose hope, begging me to leave her and save myself. She reasoned with me, that if I remained behind with her, we would both lose our lives, while if I should abandon her, I could certainly escape. Her words were convincing of the truth she was speaking, but her upturned face, and eyes overflowing with tears that were running down across her cheeks, told me that she hoped I would not abandon her. Picking her in my arms, I ran with all possible speed for a hundred yards or so, but my gun and trappings being a great hindrance, and her weight being too much of a burden, I was soon exhausted and was forced to put her down. Standing with one foot upon the ground, her small right hand resting upon my shoulder, she again pleaded with me to leave her to the cruel fate that awaited her. I was undecided what to do, until looking down at that soul-reflected countenance that pleaded so tenderly, I could not—I did not have the heart to abandon such womanly grace and virtue to the ravages of our brutal and blood-thirsty pursuers. Scarcely had the resolution been formed to save her life or perish with her, than there came riding by my old bunk mate, and at the sound of my voice, he drew rein with such force he set the black charger back on his haunches, and dismounted before the animal could recover. Rushing toward me, and bringing the horse along, his voice was the sweetest



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

music that ever fell on mortal ears, and I shall never forget his words and actions. 'Hello, me boy! Sur-r, thets a good tur-rn yees be doin' in protictin' thet young lass. No time fu-r compl-ments. Give me yir foot and niver mind the spur-rs. There now, ye-r astride Major Clark's horse—he want nade him inny more, since he's gone where they don't use horses. Me young lady, yees must ride in froont. Gin me yir fire-lock and shot-pouch, lad, I want to gin me 'tintion to these pesky divils thets after us. Now, lad, yir off! Ride like the Divil's arter ye, and niver mind yer adoos, me boy, but pay attintion to yir jooty.'

"Scarcely had we left the good soul when we heard the report of his rifle, and looking back I saw an Indian fall, and watched him reloading as he ran, and many dusky foes were suddenly stopped by his uner-ring aim.

"On that dreadful day the death-roll was almost incredible, nine hundred Americans were killed or wounded, and some Indians, perhaps fewer than one hundred, at least they always claimed they only lost thirty-seven killed and a few injured. Their true loss could not be ascertained as they carried their dead from the field. One old squaw told me that she scalped the white soldiers that day until she was exhausted, and this was no doubt true. The list of officers lost will give some idea of how the private soldiers suffered. Majors Ferguson, Hart and Clark; Captains Bradford, Phelon, Kirkwood, Price, Van Swerington, Tipton, Purdey, Smith, Platt, Gaither, Creebs and Newman; Lieutenants Spear, Warren, Boyd, McGrath, Burgess, Kelso, Read, Little, Hopper and Lickens; also Ensigns Cobb, Balch, Chase,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

Turner, Wilson, Brooks, Beatty and Purdy; also Quartermasters Reynolds and Ward; Adjutants Anderson and Doc Grasson were all numbered with the dead and in one common sepulchre lay. Colonel Sargeant, the Adjutant-General, Colonel Darke, Colonel Gibson, Major Butler and Viscount Malartie were severely wounded."

Such a ghastly and revolting scene as that bloody field presented has never been witnessed on the American Continent before or since. The dead and dying were everywhere; scarcely could one step for their bodies, and in many places they lay in heaps, one above another, all in frightful mutilation. The blood had run in rivers here and there, and now stood in the hollows of that woodland grove in stagnant pools and revolting coagulation, in which there lay naked men and women, hacked and gashed with the brutal hand of enraged savagery. The Indians in their contempt of the rapacity of the encroaching settlers, who were seeking their lands, filled the mouths of the dead with earth, while the wounded, in several instances, were inhumanly tortured by driving a sharpened stake through their bodies.

Thus were they left unattended and unburied in the November sun, all alone, save the nocturnal visits of the hungry wolf, who came to gormandize on human flesh, and the owl, whose wings flapped and rustled as he wheeled his flight o'er their bleaching bones. That night the moon rose, pouring a flood of mellow light upon this bloody, but lifeless space. Through the thick foliage here and there fell a silvery moonbeam, lighting up the face of the dead. In this sylvan morgue, moved here and there the bent form of hu-



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

man vultures, seeking a spark of life upon which they could feed their insatiable wrath, but the rapacity of the Indian foe had silenced the pulse of his pale-faced brother.

Then winter came with its wind and snow, spreading a mantle of purest white over their silent forms; while through the forest trees the winds whistled and sighed a sad and solemn requiem to the unseparated dead.

Two years later, when General Wayne with his army visited the battle-ground, its appearance was appalling, revolting and melancholy. Within the incredible small space of three hundred and fifty yards were found five hundred skull bones and for five miles in the direction of the retreat, human skeletons and muskets marked the course of their flight.

That November snow with its stains of gore  
Had melted away ere the noontide hour,  
But the debt we owe to those who fell  
Is ever present in that scene of Hell.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A BIT OF ROMANCE

MAJOR ARTHUR became a frequent visitor to the home of the Luwallings, and both Virginia and her father enjoyed his company, and especially the old gentleman, who had been captivated by the young man. The story of his experience with the Indians,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

which was quite often supplemented by additional adventures, was always an interesting topic to Mr. Luwelling, and rarely, if ever, did the Major make a visit without it being mentioned in some way. It was by no means uninteresting to Miss Virginia, and she had many questions to ask about the women that were in the battle, and what became of the young lady that the gallant Major carried away on the black charger, but some way the answers were not entirely satisfactory. There lurked in her bosom a womanly suspicion, that perhaps there were some very interesting facts in connection with this bit of romance which have not yet been told. She also noted that the Major answered her questions reluctantly and sometimes would say, "I don't know."

One evening after the Major had passed the whole afternoon at the Luwelling home, Virginia and her venerable father sat by the blazing fire, its soft mellow glow lighting the room, and were engaged in deep meditation. The old gentleman, after thinking over what he ought to say, began a conversation with his daughter, but proceeded slowly and cautiously.

"The Major's account of General St. Clair's defeat and the loss of so many of his brave men was very interesting to me. How the poor fellows must have fought, and their sufferings were certainly terrible. The encroachment of the white man upon their hunting grounds was no doubt annoying to them, and they saw their approaching destiny, which meant sooner or later they must move on. To this the fire and hatred of Girty was thrown in the balance, and the Indian in his desperation determined to strike a blow in defence of that which was rightfully his own."



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Yes, but father, while I have no patience with war, battles and the shedding of human blood, I think the Indians were in the wrong, as there is so much land in this country, they should have gone farther to the west and sold their lands to the Government and let the settler occupy it."

"You didn't enjoy the Major's story very well, did you?"

"Yes, I was very much interested. He is a good narrator, and has rendered a very good account of his experience."

"What do you think of his noble act in saving the life of the young lady?"

"Why, indeed, that to me was the most interesting part of all he related, but he is not telling it all. There is something he is keeping back. The sequel to this bit of romance your Major is very adroitly concealing."

"You suspicion, my daughter, that this adventure ripened into courtship and marriage, do you?"

"Well, I don't only suspect it, but I believe it. How could it be otherwise, unless, perchance, the intervening hand of death should prevent. However, it makes no difference to me personally, for the Major is nothing to me, and I can see no good reason why I should take such a decided interest in his romance, and yet I cannot help desiring to know how it terminated. It was certainly romantic! I would not blame the young lady in the least for loving her heroic friend, and, of course, it would be but natural for the Major to fall in love with the little maiden and marry her, but—oh, well, it makes no difference to me!"

"I suspect, my daughter, that you are just a little



## Arthur St. Clair

---

more interested in the Major than you are in the girl? I can't blame you, if you are. It rather meets my approval, for I am very much pleased with the young man. My, but he is fine-looking and such a brave soldier!"

"Yes, I have noted that fact from the first time you met him, father, but you are mindful of one thing, and that is, your Major can never be anything more to me than a very dear friend, although his heroic deeds, in saving the life of the young lady, has so increased my appreciation of his better qualities that I could almost wish that I had been the one with the wounded foot, and if I were only she, it would be a different matter, but I am not, and there is the end to it. However, it amuses me very much to see how adroitly the Major ingratiates himself into the confidence and admiration of my dear old papa, intending perhaps, through this medium to reach the affections of his daughter. Very clever, indeed, my noble and venerable father! You and the Major are playing your hands well for the cards you are holding, but you have no trumps."

"Why, my daughter! Certainly you must appreciate my motive in this whole affair. I have nothing in mind except the very best interest and welfare of the only one in the world upon whom I can bestow a single affection. The young man has satisfied me of his sterling worth and fixed integrity. One who has so nobly deported himself upon the field of battle as he has done, saving the life of a poor helpless girl, when all others deserted her, even at the great peril of losing his own life, is of such a grand and noble character, that I have no hesitancy in recommending



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

his affections to the candid consideration of my own daughter. And I had hoped that you would be able to see the matter as I do. I admit, that the young man has a hold on my very best wishes, and perhaps unthoughtedly we have been playing our cards together, but so far neither he nor I have been able to take a single trick, and it may be we are not holding trumps, at least we are not holding together."

"You and the Major are doing very nicely, and while your little by-play is interesting, your maneuvers are somewhat facetious, although well-intended. However, you must know that there can never be anything come out of it except acquaintanceship, which, for your sake, I shall always hold at its fullest worth. If the Major was only Arthur St. Clair, I should be the happiest person in all the world, and do you know, papa, that sometimes I can see actions and looks that remind me of the dear boy of my childhood? There is something across his forehead and eyes that reminds me of the one whom I have loved all my life, but of course I know it is only a fancy, a dream, brought on by my wish that the Major were only he. Until I shall know that Arthur St. Clair is dead, or has forsaken me, my affections will remain sealed with the promise I made to him in years of long ago. Oh, I have waited so long for his coming, but I have not doubted in the least that he will come again to me."

"That is all very well for you to talk that way, but you know if the Major was Arthur St. Clair, I would soon put an end to his visits, and if he persisted in coming, my Virginia blood would rise to a point of indignation and—— But what is the use to harbor



## Arthur St. Clair

---

the thought of such a suspicion. Major Arthur is a man, a gentleman brave and noble, but what is Arthur St. Clair? Nothing! What in the world could he do? What could he ever accomplish? Nothing, and I hope you will forget him entirely, that you may never see him again, and if he ever comes around here and I get these old eyes on him, well, I don't want to promise that I would not do something rash. I know if you would encourage the Major a little you would not regret it, and his acquaintance and companionship would help you greatly in banishing from your mind the thought of your girlish fancy. Would you but only try, it would be a source of much comfort to your dear old father. Suppose you just try a little to forget the one and love the other and let us see the result, for I am so anxious that you forever forego your love for that Arthur St. Clair."

"To please you, my dearest father, I shall abandon my own thoughts and pleasure, in a measure, and will try and yield to your inclination, and when your Major comes again, I shall endeavor to take a little more interest in him. And I promise you one thing, that I shall find out, at all hazards, what became of the little maiden he snatched from the jaws of death upon the field of battle."

"I assure you, my daughter, that you will find that the Major's actions and deportment in reference to this bit of romance will meet your approval, when you are advised of what they were."

The old Virginian was so much exercised in the Major's welfare, he could hardly wait until he should pay another visit, and resolved to himself, that the very next time he came, he would frame some excuse



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

for remaining out of the room and give the Major a better chance to press his suit. He felt that since his daughter was going to be a little more interested in the Major, there would be some progress made in winning her away from the much hated Arthur St. Clair, and the old man was in a happy mood.

A few evenings later he sat nodding in his large easy chair, when a clatter of the knocker aroused him from his nap, as a servant entered, escorting a gentleman and announcing:

“Majah Ahthah!”

Miss Virginia arose and went across the room and greeted the visitor cordially, and with just a little more interest than ever before, and with a friendly salutation of “Delighted to see you, Major, and how are you?”

The old gentleman, with real Southern hospitality, manifested more than a passing interest. He noted the friendly greeting extended to the Major by his daughter, and his old heart was bubbling over with ecstasy. However, settling back into his good easy chair, he soon began nodding, whether real or feigned, it afforded a tangible excuse for retiring from the room, and rising, he advanced toward the Major and addressed him:

“Beg pahdon, Majah Arthur, but I am constrained to ask you to forego my presence this evening, as I find that I am unable to keep awake, and by your permission, I shall retire.”

“Certainly, Mr. Luwalling, your pardon is granted, while I regret very much to lose the pleasure of your company, I appreciate the fact, that to a person of your age, peaceful slumber is an essential and enjoy-



## Arthur St. Clair

---

able necessity. I therefore reluctantly bid you good-night, and wish you quiet and refreshing rest."

Listening until the footsteps of the old gentleman died away, the Major quietly and gently slipped into the vacant chair just deserted, with a resolution to make his identity known to the young lady. He had kept the secret to himself as long as his heart could hold it, but how should he proceed? "How can I broach the subject? She does not suspicion me and for the first time we are alone. Would she, for her father's sake, drive me from the door, if I should tell her who I am? I wonder if she suspects me. Sometimes I think that she has recognized me and will not let on, but then, this could not be. She would say something about it, for she could not keep it. I wonder, too, if she still loves her Arthur boy? Perhaps another has won her or could win her affections. I shall try it. I shall make love to her, and when I learn the inclination of her heart, then I shall know if she has forgotten the one whom she loved in years gone by. I know she suspects the girl I saved in the retreat has played an important part in my life, and she will want to know all about it." While these thoughts were running through his mind, everything was silent. Virginia had been watching the Major's countenance in the glow of the soft mellow light that went out from the burning faggots in the old-fashioned fireplace, and interrupted him:

"A penny for your thoughts, Major!"

"I hardly think you would be pleased with your bargain, for I was thinking of some matters in which you may have a very interesting part, and I am sure you would think them too cheaply bought, prizing



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

things at their full worth, as I know you always do.”

“Oh, that is very kind of you to entertain such an estimate of one whom you know but little, but be that as it may, I want to thank you, Major, for your very excellent narrative rendered of General St. Clair’s defeat. I shall never forget it. How the poor men and women must have suffered; no one will ever know. Then there is poor old General St. Clair, how sad and sorrowful he must have been. There is something about that name that I like extremely well. No other name in all the world sounds so sweet to me.”

“Why, Virginia, there is nothing in a name!”

“That perhaps is true, Major Arthur, but there is something in that name to me more than I can ever tell, and I dare say, it is as near and dear to me as the name of the little lady that a very brave and heroic young man carried from the field of battle upon a black charger. What say you, Major?”

“I don’t know about that! However, since you have mentioned the subject, I am sure that I did nothing more under the circumstances than a plain, simple duty and no more for the little lady than I would have done for you, had you been that unfortunate person. As to the name, it has its fascination, its attachment, that clings to the heart like a sorcerer’s dream. And oft in my melancholy moods there comes to me the remembrance of that awful tragedy, and with it the pain and suffering of that little woman, who begged me so hard to leave her to the fate that seemed imminent and save myself. I have always been thankful that God gave me the courage to do my duty, and while it is true she and I escaped with our



## Arthur St. Clair

---

lives from that awful struggle, my efforts accomplished but little. We arrived safely at the fort before dark, and by that time she was suffering intensely from the wound. The woollens of her stockings had been drawn into the flesh and poisoned the blood. No medical aid was nigh, and those about her were willing to do what little they could, but they were helpless. I gathered some leaves and dry grass and made a place for her to lie down, there being no coverings in the fort, and in our flight we had thrown away everything of this kind. Making her as comfortable as I could under the circumstances, I was called at ten o'clock that night to fall in line to march with the troops to Fort Hamilton. Before going I went to where she was lying and bade her a last farewell. The tears came in her eyes and overflowed her cheeks. At her throat something seemed to stop her words, and as she hung on to my hand, I paused and kneeling down beside her, inquired her name, and there came the faint and scarcely audible word 'Mary.' And as she gradually slackened the hold on my hand, I quietly slipped away and never again looked into her tender face. Some days later when we were joined at Fort Washington by those whom we had left at Fort Jefferson, I went among them looking for the little one and learned from the lips of a mother, that just outside the fort, on a little plat of ground, amid the deep-tangled wildwood, they heaped up the earth in a little mound, and beneath the clay they laid her down to sleep."

"Poor, dear girl! How I pity her! It was good and noble of you, Major Arthur, to save her from falling into the hands of the Indians, even though she



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

only lived but a few days, for you have the soul satisfaction of having performed a brave and courageous act. I regret that I was so rude to entertain a suspicion of this bit of romance, but I could not have been at all complacent until I had learned of its termination. It is very touching and you have, no doubt, suffered much from the loss of your little friend. I know I should have loved her, had I only known her, and what a pretty name, too, 'Mary,' the mother of Jesus."

At this point Virginia could go no further. Something came up in her throat, a small kerchief went up to her eyes and her face was moistened with her tears. While the Major could not look up, but gazed straight into the fire, and both remained silent for a long time, except now and then a low half-smothered sob came from behind the kerchief. Her head bent down and gradually nestled closer upon the broad, manly shoulders of the Major, who seemed unmindful of her presence. And thus as she gently reposed, there came to her a sweet soothing sleep, and her kindly soul wandered away in her dreams, and her thoughts winged their flight to the little grave in the wildwood. She wandered along the banks of the Miami, and like Magdalene of old, the one whom she sought was not there.

How long she dreamed and how long she reposed matters not. The Major, arousing himself from his meditation, awoke her from her slumber. Arraying himself in his great coat and hat, they together went in silence to the great hall door, and as it swung on its ponderous hinges, the old town clock in the tower of Independence Hall tolled off the hours of twelve.



## Arthur St. Clair

---

Half regretting, half opposing, she gently hung upon the arm of him whom she dare not love. Gently raising her small white hand to his lips, he silently moved away and out into the broad thoroughfare, where the shadows of peaceful homes spread their somber shade, the gallant Major was soon lost in sable night's deepening shadows.

Virginia watched the figure, as farther down the street it moved, and as it became less distinct, she wondered why it was that she could not help loving this new-found friend. As the receding form disappeared from her sight, she sighed from the bottom of her heart, "Oh, dear, dear, if he were only my Arthur St. Clair, what would I give! I wish he would not come any more, and yet I hope that he will not always stay away, for there is something about him that reminds me of my Arthur and that is the part with which I am in love."

## CHAPTER XIV

### TRUE HEARTS NEVER CHANGE

THE next morning at the breakfast table Virginia discovered her aged parent examining her countenance more closely than usual. In fact, his scrutiny was so watchful, that she was satisfied her face correctly reflected her feelings, and was not surprised that her father should notice something unusual. She was not very loquacious, but on the contrary, was slightly morose and taciturn, resolving that she would



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

not be drawn into a conversation with her father, if she could avoid it, for she well knew that last night's visitor would be the subject.

She had struggled all through the night and morning hour to banish from her mind the thought, the form, the likeness of her new-found friend, but try ever so hard, she could not. She dearly loved Arthur St. Clair, the boy of her youth, and did not care for anyone else, and yet in spite of herself, her new acquaintance was constantly coming in her mind and thoughts. The little experiences of her youth, the little episodes, and all her girlish fancies were one by one thought over and arranged in order, and between them all came the likeness, the character and heroic form of the Major. In spite of her best effort, she found herself falling in love with him. As she sat there trying to eat, she resolved to end it all. That she would quietly, politely and positively inform her new friend that her heart belonged to another, and that their acquaintance must not cross the threshold of friendship, and if he persists in knowing my reasons, I shall tell him. This determination having been reached, her face became normal, and the father noting the change in her countenance, thought it a good time to find out results of the visit.

"You found the Major very good company, did you not, my daughter?"

"Yes, father, I must confess that I was entertained, but disappointed."

"Then you were not successful in learning the sequel to the lady and black charger, were you?"

"Yes, papa, I found out all about that bit of romance."



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"How then could you have been entertained and disappointed at the same time?"

"That is the point. His account of the romance was entertaining, very touching and a sad ending. It was the end that disappointed me, for I had hoped that there was something in the beginning that would terminate with the casting of the net of love and the Major would be found in its meshes, but imagine my surprise, when I learned that the beginning was the ending. Scarcely had the quickened pulse responded to love's emotional throb, than the hand that rescued pushed aside the thick grown heather, and I beheld amid the wildwood, on the banks of the Miami, a newly made grave.

"If it had been as I suspicioned, then I should have had a tangible excuse for turning a dull ear to the solicitations of my father, and I should also find no difficulty in controlling my own feelings. In spite of myself, however, I find that I am falling in love with the Major, against my own will and desire.

"Father dear, do you know that it is cruel indeed to ask me to encourage your friend any longer?"

"Oh, you will soon learn to love him!"

"That is the whole trouble. I am learning to love him in spite of all that I can think and do. I have searched for every little criticism and made myself a special committee on faults, and the more I examine, the more he reminds me of Arthur St. Clair, and the stronger grows the infatuation."

"It will work out all right, my daughter, if you will only have patience. The world was not made in a day."

"That is true, but Cæsar crossed the Rubicon in a



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

very few minutes, and when the Major comes again, it will not take me long to destroy the little world in which he has been living of late."

"I'll wager that he will be equal to the emergency, and that you will not succeed in destroying the Major's new-found world, as you imagine. It is my hope that failure will be written all over your efforts."

And there the matter dropped for the present, both parties being willing to withdraw from the contest.

All through the same long hours of the night, another soul counted the strokes of the old town clock, and tossed upon trouble's uncomfortable couch. Major Arthur had returned from his nocturnal visit dejected and foiled. He had gone with a resolution but his resolve was unexecuted, and he thought, "I ought to have told her last night who I was or pushed my offer of love persistently, and had the matter over with, but she seemed so affected by that little story of romance, that I could not find the courage. I am going to make love to her, and when I win her affections, I shall reveal my identity. Of course, she will insist to the very last that she knew me all the time, and was only fooling, or that she was not letting on for fear her father would find me out. But I am satisfied she has not the least suspicion of who I am, but when she gets to talking to me about how much I resemble her Arthur boy, it is all that I can do to remain quiet, and if there is much more of that kind of talk, I am afraid there will be a surprise in store for James Luwalling, Esquire.

"I think perhaps, for fear he may get onto something around here, I better fix matters up a little, as a committee of inquisition might be appointed. I can



## Arthur St. Clair

---

arrange everything and will attend to it at once. But I don't know how I am going to manage that old Virginian. When he finds me out, as he certainly will, there will be such a mixture of disappointment and rage, and mostly the latter ingredient, that he will want to kill me on sight. But I can cross that bridge when I get to it and have trouble enough on hand without borrowing any.

"I suspect she wondered last night why I looked so straight into the fire. Gosh! If I had ever looked around, she would have recognized me sure, and old Jim Luwalling would have come and shown me the door. Well, it didn't turn out that way, but my thoughts may be the forerunner of what shall happen in the near future.

"Let's see, this is Thursday—one, two, three, four—Sunday's four. Four more long, tedious, terrible, trying, vexatious days, and then—yes, then—well, I shall call and stay until the battle is over." With this resolution formed, Major Arthur, with a lighter heart than usual turned his attention to the duties that confronted him, but his mind was on Virginia and her father.

Sunday came, without sunshine or shadow, but with a cold, drizzling rain, which froze as it fell. A little note had been slipped into the mail that announced to the Luwalling household, the intended visit, but when it came time to set out, Arthur hesitated and wished he had it back, but concluding that an ill-timed battle won is better than a well-timed battle lost, he buttoned up his coat to the very top and pushed forth through the sleet and rain to conquer.

His arrival was anticipated and a reception given



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

in the usual courteous and cordial manner, except Virginia seemed a little reserved and participated in the conversation only in such a degree as ladylike demeanor would approve.

The rain continued to fall and beat a tattoo against the window panes, while darkness came quickly on. Dinner over, and coming out into the great old-fashioned drawing-room, Arthur noticed that the old gentleman did not accompany Virginia and himself. He also observed, as he passed through, the heavy damask curtains, their folds closed together, shutting out the view from the other apartments. It now dawned upon him that some one had a design. Upon the marble mantelpiece burned a tallow candle, which was making a feeble effort to light up the room, and would sometimes go almost out, then burn up brightly with renewed energy, and it reminded him much of himself. Before the blazing fire and at a comfortable distance away, sat a fine old-fashioned leather divan, with just room enough for two, and this suggested a design, but a happy one. Sitting down in it, he found it decidedly appropriate, and when Virginia came, after arranging some matters about the window, and sat down by his side, sharing part of the prearranged seat, it seemed more comfortable than ever. As she took her seat beside him, and turned about facing him, he thought, "Now is the time, the battle is on, and if I am to be sacrificed, I must know it."

"I beg pardon, Miss Virginia, for mentioning the subject, but do you know, that ever since that Christmas eve ball I have had but little else on my mind than the little lady who waltzed with me so gracefully and made me think that I was in the land of



## Arthur St. Clair

---

fairies. Since that happy hour I have been permitted to bask in the sunshine of her smiles as only a friend, and I cannot tell you how much I appreciate such consideration. As you have learned from my own lips that I am only a plain, unlettered soldier, tutored in the curriculum of military tactics and have not the deep-toned voice with which to woo and win. My victories have been attained by the sword and not by blandishments, that deadly instrument of the wordy sycophant. In love-making I am 'as skilless as the unpractised youth, and as weak as a woman's tear.'

"But if I could only unfold to you the story of my love, certainly you would have pity on me and not drive me from you. I have resolved this night to ascertain my fate. I can wait no longer, I must have your answer."

"Major Arthur, you have touched my affections, and I sincerely appreciate your noble and manly purpose. Your company has been immeasurably enjoyed, and I hope to be always counted among the list of those whom you regard as the dearest and best friends. Your noble deeds upon the battlefield, the kindness you manifested toward one of my own sex, has won for you the highest possible estimate that can be awarded for honor and bravery. My dear old father, whom I love with all my heart, has such a high regard for you that he thinks there is none like the Major, and for his sake, I am almost persuaded to yield to his solicitations, but I cannot.

"My admiration for you, Major Arthur, as a noble, honorable, upright soldier, gentleman and friend, is more than I can possibly tell you, but at the door of friendship our associations must stop. I cannot per-



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

mit you to enter the precincts of my affections. Although, when I heard you relate your kindness to the little wounded girl, it made me almost wish that I were she. I had the struggle of my life to close the doors of my heart against you, but the die is cast, and destiny has shaped the end."

"May I not live in hope? Is there not some way by which you can be induced to reconsider your final determination? I was led to believe that you were going to decide in my favor, but you have blasted every hope. I must know why, the cause, the reason, the obstacle, the barrier, and knowing them, perchance I may by some 'oblivious antidote' overcome the malady of your disapproval."

"The fault is not yours, but my own. I have not treasured against you a single criticism, and find nothing that calls for disapproval. It is not within your power to remove the barrier between us, as you shall know, when I have told you, and as you desire to know the truth, it is but proper that I should let you into the folds of my heart, that you may read what is written there.

"You recall in one of our conversations I told you of the name of Arthur St. Clair? Well, there is something in that name for me. When but a child of eight or nine, in our old Virginia home, I learned to love that boy, whom I have known all my life, and he likewise loved me. Our affections though young, were sealed with the heart's purest devotion. Family troubles arose and we were separated. The most bitter hatred was entertained by the oldest members of the family. Arthur's father lost his life while he and my father were crossing a stream in the night-time, and



## Arthur St. Clair

---

my father was arrested and tried for his murder, but was acquitted. My father held a mortgage on all of the St. Clair property, which he foreclosed after Arthur's father was gone and took their lands away from them. Soon they went away to another state, and the gossip being so strong against our family, we, too, were compelled to leave, and not knowing what had become of Arthur and his mother, we chanced to move to the same neighborhood. My father was so bitter against Mrs. St. Clair and her son Arthur, and she so vindictive against my father and myself, that we were not permitted to see each other, except only at public gatherings, where we could have a word. My dear old father is so bitter against him that he would kill him if he should see him speaking to me, but the more he treasures his hatred, the stronger grows the tie of love. I have never loved any one but that dear boy, and I never shall, until I know he has proven false or is dead. If you were only he, Major Arthur, how I could worship at your feet! And how much you resemble him! Sometimes I can't hardly convince myself that you are any other person than he!"

"When did you hear from him?"

"Not for eight years, not since we came to this city to live."

"Where is his mother?"

"Why, she lives up near where we used to live."

"Is Arthur there with her?"

"No, I think not. He went away some years ago, and I have no trace of him."

"Do you think he will ever find you?"

"Yes, something tells me that he will come to me."



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"But your father will not permit him to speak to you, if he knew it?"

"Well, that is no doubt true, but he will have to be managed some way. When my dear Arthur boy comes to me again, we will soon be out of reach of the wrath of my dear papa. And if you were only he, Major, we'd fly while sleep kisses down the eyelids of him who has watched over me so long; but then you're not, but I wish you were."

"What did you say was his name?"

"Why, Arthur St. Clair."

"And you do not know what became of him?"

"No, I am not sure."

"Did you ever think he might have been in the battle with the Indians?"

"Oh! I hardly think so. I am sure he was not inclined to military adventures."

"You say, you think he resembles me?"

"Yes, very much."

"Good looking?"

"Yes, Major, handsome."

"Then I can not understand wherein you observe the lines of resemblance."

"Oh! That's easy."

"Were there any marks of identification?"

"None that I recall."

"Well, from what you have told me, I believe I know him."

"Oh, do you?"

"Yes, I believe I do."

"Oh! Tell me about him, please do?"

"Well, there was a very handsome young man, by the name of Arthur, with the army at General



## Arthur St. Clair

---

St. Clair's defeat, and took part in the battle, and I shall not be at all surprised, if he is no other than your own dear friend."

"Did you see him during the battle?"

"Yes, several times."

"Was he brave?"

"Brave as a lion and dared everything."

"Did he perform any heroic deeds?"

"Yes, many worthy of emulation. In fact, to save others was his soul purpose, with little or no thought of his own safety."

"Was he wounded?"

"In no way injured."

"And he is still living, is he?"

"Live and well."

"Have you seen him lately?"

"Yes, not long since."

"Have you ever talked with him?"

"Many times."

"Did he ever speak of me?"

"He spoke of a lady fair, whom he said he loved better than his own life."

"Then he is in love, is he?"

"Yes, to the point of distraction."

"Oh! I wonder if it is really my own dear Arthur boy. And he is in love? How could he, when he promised to be true to me forever. Man, man, thou unfaithful creature; as variable as the wind, and as changeable as the pale face moon. How I have waited all these years for him, but to learn at last, that he has forsaken me and loves another. Did you ever talk with him about his lady love, and did he ever give you a description of her?"



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Yes, quite often. It is a theme uppermost in his mind, and he is always doting upon her; drawing pen pictures of her, and from his viewpoint, she is most wonderfully beautiful; and her life so pure, that it would improve the whiteness of the winter's snow, and add a sparkle to the mountain brook; and is so complexioned that the blush of her cheeks would give a luster to the new blown rose; so ruddy are her lips, that the red of the ripening cherry seems to pale beside them; so bewitching are her eyes 'like gems of the purest waters' they radiate with entrancing love; a mouth with ivory accompaniment, as though shaped by the hand of perfection; in form, such as Phidias could not mould, if Paris with his iron minions did command; a disposition so in harmony with gentle nature, that in reposing attitude, you would imagine she had naught else to do, save to repose upon the bosom of the lily, bathe her face in the dew of the flower, and gormandize upon the warpings of her floral couch."

"What a wonderful person his lady love must be. I cannot really blame him for falling in love with her, for I suspect he has concluded that I have long since forgotten him. But have you ever met his lady friend, whom you have just described?"

"Yes, many times."

"Do you think that she is such a wonderful person?"

"I am quite sure the picture is not overdrawn."

"Why do you not make love to her yourself?"

"I have tried to several times, but she informed me she was in love."



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"And did she tell you that she was in love with my Arthur?"

"Indeed, she told me that she loved him, and that there was no other so dear to her."

"Then you were unsuccessful in your love affairs?"

"Quite."

"Too bad, Major! You and I have been very unfortunate."

"Decidedly so."

"But were you in love more than once?"

"Yes, twice, but it was all the same person."

"Then you had a quarrel and afterwards made it up?"

"No, not quite that way."

"Oh, do tell me, Major, something about your love affairs; your joys and disappointments, won't you? For in them I may find hope and consolation, as 'misery loves company.'"

"There is too much disappointment in my love-making to be interesting for I, too, like yourself, learned to love at a tender age, but feuds and dissensions formed a barrier between, separating me from the dear girl of my childhood. Her father had a dislike for my people and held his grievance against me. As I grew to manhood, seeing there was no chance of my realizing my fondest hope, I went away to the army, caring little or nothing for my life. But absence makes the heart grow fonder, and in the flight of years, instead of forgetting her, I love her still the more, and have regretted many times that I went into the world, losing all trace of her for a very long time."

"And you have loved her dearly all these years?"





"And you have loved her dearly all these years?"

(Arthur St. Clair.)—P. 146







## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Yes, and shall love her so long as I live."

"Have you never met her since?"

"Yes, to learn from her lips, that she was in love."

"Poor dear boy, I am so sorry for you. I cannot help sympathizing with you, for your experience is much like my own. We have certainly been quite unfortunate, and it is strange and passing strange, we have been thrown into each other's company. But do you think, Major, you could learn to forget her?"

"I fear not."

"Then how is it that you claim to love me?"

"Your name is the same as hers."

"Does she resemble me?"

"Yes, very much—an exact likeness."

"Then you have fallen in love with me, in spite of your love for her, all because our names are the same, and you imagine you could detect some resemblance?"

"I have fallen in love with you, in spite of feuds and quarrels; fallen in love with you because you are the dearest person in the world; fallen in love with you because your name is Virginia; fallen in love with you because you look and act like the one I loved when a boy; fallen in love with you because you are Virginia Luwalling, that has loved Arthur St. Clair all her life, and whose love for you in all the long years has never grown cold with the flight of time, and cannot now be told in words or song, but with this candle across the gulch of feuds, you see a circle I have made, for my love for you is without an end."

"Oh, my dear Arthur boy! Oh! Dear, dear, how could you! How could you!"

Folding her gently to his bosom, Arthur pressed



## Arthur St. Clair

---

her to his throbbing heart, the limp and fainting form of the dearest person in all the world to him. Silently she lay within the embrace of his strong arms, her heart beating faintly, her breath slow and measured, he sealed down her eyelids with a thousand fervent kisses. Two loving hearts beat as one; two souls united, until the trumpet of eternity shall wake them from the dead.

### CHAPTER XV

#### COMPLICATIONS

THE next morning the old-fashioned residence, occupied by James Luwalling, Esquire, echoed from basement to garret, with merry songs and laughter. And those who were passing, would note as they paused for a moment. Listen to that laugh! It is the soul of levity. Listen to that song! It is the echo of the heart of love. That must be the happiest person in the world! Mr. Luwalling was actually uneasy about his daughter. Never before had he ever seen her so joyous and gay. Her voice has more music in it than it has had in her whole life. She sings the old plantation melodies, and I have not heard her voice tuned for years. I wonder what has happened. Certainly I can almost guess it—the Major has won another battle. I must see her at once and learn the secret.

Going through the rooms looking for her, he was suddenly surprised, when out from behind the folds of the heavy door curtains, ran two white arms and



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

before he knew it some one was about his neck, and a merry laughter in his ears, and a kiss upon his cheek.

"Oh! Dear old father. There! There! Now what do you say?"

"Hurrah for the Major! I knew he would win!"

"What do you mean, papa?"

"Well, I mean the Major has won another battle. I don't know how he did it, but my little lady has surrendered. I know it without your telling me, and it makes me feel young again. Oh! I could do a Virginia reel for joy!"

And the old gentleman went skipping and waltzing through the rooms and hallways like a school boy, soon to return to find out the particulars.

"Virginia, you have not told me how it all happened?"

"Well, papa, what is the use of telling you, it was all your fault!"

"Good, and you have given up Arthur St. Clair, haven't you?"

"Well, papa, I simply couldn't keep from falling in love with your Major. He is just the dearest person in the world, and I just tried every way to seal my heart against him, but I could not."

"Good! Good! I'll let the St. Clairs know they can't run me, and they can't have my daughter either.

"Say, Virginia, when is he coming again?"

"Why, father, do you think he is coming back to-night?"

"Well, I don't know, but it is my guess that he will not remain away long."

The jolly old man, with a heart simply bubbling



## Arthur St. Clair

---

over with joy, went to his room where he kept his private papers, and busied himself, looking over deeds, notes, bonds and mortgages. He was in such good temper, and so full of notions as to what he would do for Virginia and Major, that he could not settle on anything for sure. He went over the list of his properties, one by one, and wondered, as he did so, which one would be most pleasing to his daughter, whom he now loved better than ever. He mused to himself, that he would like to do something that would be a great and agreeable surprise to her. Let me see, she has always wanted to go to Europe, and that is one thing that must be provided at once. Then when they come back they will have to live somewhere, and let me see. She always liked the old plantation home where Major St. Clair lived, when he and I were neighbors, and I wonder if she would like to have it now, since she has forgotten him. It might bring back recollections that would make the heart sad. Then, too, it is in poor condition for occupancy, being in the hands of a tenant for several years; it can hardly be suitable. I should like to have the buildings restored and the house and furnishings all just like they were when she was a little girl, and someway, I feel like I could enjoy myself there with them. Pen and ink are here. I shall address a letter to my agent down there and learn conditions and get estimates on the work of repairing and restoring the premises, and in the meantime, I shall manage some way to find out her desires.

But what is the first thing I should do? Oh, I see! Money, yes! Why, to be sure, she will want to do some shopping, and that will take money. Now



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

how much will she want? One hundred dollars! Well, that is a large sum of money, but it looks small, don't it? Wonder if I could make it five hundred; that would not be more than she will want, but it does look like throwing money away, don't it? Well, she gave up Arthur St. Clair to please me, and that is worth something. Yes, it is worth five hundred more, and cheap enough. It has done my old soul that much good already. Here is a certificate or note to my order for one thousand dollars. Now, my name across it—there you are Mrs. St. Clair; your cake is dough all the way through!

Taking the note which he had indorsed, he carried it to Virginia's room, and laying it upon her dressing table, turned around slowly and went out. Going from room to room, he could not find her. He listened that he might hear her voice, but could not. From the servants he learned that she had gone up to the city without bidding him good-by. How lonely it seemed without her, and then he mused to himself she will soon return again. Poor, dear girl, what would I do without her? Life would not be worth the living, if she were not here where I could hear her voice and see her smiling face. How little do we know the worth of our affections until they are gone from us. Thus the old gentleman talked and reflected to himself the best he could, while the morning wore off slowly, when after several hours his daughter returned, bringing several packages from the city.

"You have been gone a long time, daughter, so it seems to me, but now that you are returned, I shall



## Arthur St. Clair

---

overlook the delay. What kept you so, did anything happen?"

"Oh! Nothing special or serious, I guess. The Major and I chanced to meet, and we were just looking around a bit. You didn't miss me, did you?"

"Yes, I missed you and I was lonely."

"Why, papa, what will you do when I am gone?"

"Well, I shall go with you."

"Yes, certainly you shall. Wherever the Major and I go, there shall you be also, for we could not get along without you. But what is this I find here on my dressing-table? Some of your papers, papa? How could it have gotten here? Some one has laid it there—was it you, father?"

"Yes, daughter, I thought you would need a little shopping money and it was worth that much to me to see how nicely you and I put a finish on the St. Clairs."

"Well, papa, the Major helped, didn't he? You are not going to forget him, are you?"

"No, I shall not forget him, for I am under lasting obligations to him for helping me to get the best of one of my old enemies, and he shall have his reward."

"You would like this home here, wouldn't you, Virginia?"

"No, I would not. There is only one place in the world for me, and that is the old home of my dear Arthur—Saint—Major. Oh, I mean the old St. Clair plantation. You know that I was in love with that place and to me it is the dearest place in the world."

"There is a little too much St. Clair around there to suit me and——"



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Why, here is a letter addressed to your agent down in Virginia!"

"Yes, I was writing him about some things, and if I can find a buyer for that property, I guess I shall sell it. I can't bear the idea of owning anything that has the name of St. Clair stamped upon it, and it does not yield me very good rent any more; the buildings are going down and everything out of repair."

"I shall be greatly disappointed, papa, if you should sell it, for you know it was my dear boy's—or I mean that it was always a dear place to me in childhood, and I am still attached to it so much. But you may know what is best.

"Excuse me, father. The Major will have a cup of tea with us this evening and I must direct the servants about the evening meal."

"You are excusable, my daughter."

Away went Virginia, singing like a lark, while the old man was troubled some. He could not quite understand it all. Daughter seems excited or something—"Arthur—Saint—Major and her dear boy's" something, but she did not finish it and seemed frustrated. Oh, well, she's just been having so much on her mind, and of course it would be only natural that the impressions of a lifetime cannot be removed in a day and night, and I must expect her to speak and write the name of St. Clair for awhile, but time will work that all right.

I guess I will open that letter and tell my man to go right to work fixing, repairing and putting the old plantation back just like it was when she was a girl, and to push the work as fast as possible.



## Arthur St. Clair

---

After awhile the Major came, and the old colored servant announced his arrival in his usual darkey style, and with a face smiling all over with satisfaction, for he was a favorite—the gold braid seemed to catch his eye.

Tea was announced, and after taking their places, the old gentleman called a servant for something overlooked.

“Here, Rastus!”

“Yes, sah!”

“Go down in the cellar and bring a bottle of my best wine.”

“Yes, sah!”

The old darkey returned in a few minutes with a tray, bottle and glasses.

“Heah am de old Madeah, massa, suah nuff.”

And pouring the glasses full, the wine beaded and sparkled around the edge as the old gentleman lifted the beverage to his lips, saying as he did so:

“Here’s to your health, Major!”

While Virginia and the Major clashed their glasses together, placing them to their lips, and set them down with the contents untouched, each raising a glass of clear water until they met. Then lifting them up toward the elder, the Major said:

“Here is the health, joy, comfort and happiness of the protector, guardian and father of the purest and loveliest lady in the land,” and Virginia said:

“We drink to your health in water, but not in wine. The wine is stronger than the water, but our love for you, my dear father, is stronger than the wine. And long after the taste has lost its flavor, our affections will have grown stronger.”



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"I see my daughter, and I appreciate your love and affection, although taken in water instead of wine."

That night was occupied in planning and reviewing the events of their past lives; the void of eight long years had to be gone over, interspersed with cooing, embracing and protestations of how they had loved, hoped, waited, watched, despaired, almost gave up, then encouraged, and at last found each other. They had waited so long, and now that their greatest expectation was being enjoyed, it was more than either could fully realize that it was an actual reality.

Miss Virginia, half chiding, half complaining to Arthur for his adroitness in the method employed in trying to make love to her, while pretending to be another, was amusing and interesting to him, and they both for the time being lost sight of the fact, that the barrier so long existing between them, was there the same as ever. In their joy and happiness the elder gentleman had not been considered as a factor to be reckoned in their future welfare, and when they got to the point of framing a plan, the father loomed up before them like a miasma of horror, "the dwarfish shadow to a giant spread."

"My dear Arthur, what shall we do? Father is so bitter against you, if he only knew, he would want to kill you on sight, and perhaps me too, for lending a hand in this deception. Oh, dear, dear, I see the end of it all."

"There, now don't carry on that way. My dear girl, we can settle this whole affair all right. I have such regard for your father that I would not distress him for all the world, and I have a respect for my-



## Arthur St. Clair

---

self that I do not want to get killed, and in order to save your dear old father that trouble, I shall go away at once, where he will never see me again and wait until he has shuffled off this mortal coil."

As he was making his little speech, he moved across the room, and was about to enter the hallway, where his coat and hat were hanging upon the hall-tree, when two arms were thrown about his neck, and clasped like hoops of steel. Virginia had intercepted his movements, and now it was her time to talk.

"You are not going unless I go along. If one of us goes away, there will be two going the same road at the same time. Come, sit down, Arthur, my boy. You can't leave this house until we have formulated and matured a plan that will outgeneral my dear old papa; so sit down, father hasn't killed you."

"Well, I guess there is no need of becoming alarmed, he hasn't recognized me yet—— Sist! Some one is in the hallway listening!" But a peep from behind the curtain into that thoroughfare proved that it was a false alarm.

"That is true, Arthur, he has not recognized you as yet, but he will before we can get married, for he is planning a public wedding, and nothing short of that will suit him. See here what he left on my dressing-table. A note for a thousand dollars for shopping money."

"Why, the old dunce! What are we going to do with him, anyway?" queried the Major. "Well, I don't know unless we elope."

"Fine! a capital idea, and then so romantic, too!" added Arthur, with the further suggestion. "We can take the five o'clock stage for New York, leaving here



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

before your father is awake, and by the time he learns of your flight, we will be a safe distance ahead and out of danger."

"Oh, you dear boy! I thought you could think of a plan, and then, too, so romantic, and it will save your life!"

"Save my life?"

"Yes, dear, father will not get a chance to kill you."

"Well, I can't say as to that, but I suppose he will not hurt me, if he never gets to see me. But you'd better commence to get ready at once, for it is now past midnight, and we will want to be down there in good time to get ourselves booked for the trip."

"What shall I take with me? Let's see. The thousand dollar draft you had better leave on your dressing-table, for it is bad enough to steal a man's daughter without robbing him of his money."

"My dear boy, we may need the money."

"We may. That is so. But I do not want to have too much to answer for, and then besides, your father would kill both of us, if we took it, whereas, if we leave it, he may be satisfied by only killing me."

"Well, then, I shall take it and lay it where I found it, so when he is looking for me, he will find it, and he will think we have not gone very far."

"And he will only need to kill me?"

"Oh, Arthur, papa has not killed you yet! Now, my dear boy, I shall have to take some clothes with me, and what can I pack them in? There is not a thing that I can get without arousing the whole house. Yes, in father's room is a small leather portmanteau, Just the thing if I only had it out of there,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

but how to get it? His room is very light, and if he should catch me, what excuse could I offer?"

"Have courage, my dear girl, he will not awaken now. It is past the midnight hour when men sleep the soundest. Go quietly, dear, and don't fall over anything and hurry!"

Slipping away, Virginia was gone for some time, but came back as softly as she went. Her face buried in her kerchief.

"Why, Virginia, what is the matter, anyway?"

"Arthur, dear, I cannot do it. I have not the heart to do it. My dear old father is sleeping soundly and as peacefully as a child; the silvery rays of the pale-face moon shone through the window and lighting up his dear old countenance, and the cluster of his whitened locks seemed to gather closer about his brow, and as he lay there, I thought how my absence would disturb that peaceful rest; how he would go through the rooms looking and calling for me. I cannot take my happiness, joy and pleasure at the discomfort of my father."

"Oh, pshaw! This is certainly getting down to a feather edge. Lady Macbeth could not kill old King Duncan, because she thought he resembled her father, but you can't take a portmanteau from your father's room lest you waken him."

"Now, Arthur, you are chiding me unkindly for something I cannot help, but we will have to abandon the elopement, for I never will do my father such unkindness."

"Just as I expected. Something always comes up to destroy my plans."



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Now, Arthur, don't despair. Remember a faint heart never won a fair lady."

"Well, I certainly have been trying to win one, and I am going to keep on trying until she is mine, all mine!"

"Now you are the boy again that I have loved so long, and you must listen, for I have a plan and see what you think of it.

"Father does not recognize you yet, and so far we are all right. Now I can talk him out of any public wedding, and especially anything elaborate, or having any cards out. In fact, we can hold him, I am sure, and we will insist on it taking place right away. We can fix up some excuse or other. You know that you might have to be called away, or there might be a war break out or something dreadful happen that would prevent, if it were delayed. And we must insist that it shall take place within a week, and I will tell him that you and I want to make all the arrangements—every little thing, so in that way he will have no occasion for asking any questions."

"Oh, my dear heart! You are certainly a generalissimo in planning things, and I concur in all you have said."

"Now listen, I shall commence on father to-morrow and argue the case like an English barrister, and you must come to-morrow evening and we will just be planning and talking like a Dutch hucksterer, and I'll take back the note and that will give a good excuse to talk to him."

"It is almost morning—you must be going, for the servants will soon be stirring. Good-night—good



## Arthur St. Clair

---

morning, you dear old Arthur boy, and blessing on you. Come for dinner to-morrow."

Picking her up in his arms, as though she were a child, Arthur pressed her to his heart, with an osculation upon her cherry lips.

"Good night, Virginia! Good night! May God watch over you until redolent morn with its burning orb shall herald the jocund day."

The next morning when Virginia's father turned up his plate, he found the thousand dollar note he had given her the day before, and set to work at once to find out about it.

"I do not need it, papa."

"You do not need it? Certainly you will! Has anything happened?"

"Oh, no, nothing."

"Then why will you not need it? We are going to have one of the grandest weddings that has been celebrated in this city for many a day, and I mean to make these old Quakers sit up and take notice."

"Do you think, papa, if you were going to have a wedding of your own, you would want somebody else to tell you how to celebrate it, or would you like to have it arranged to suit yourself?"

"Well, my daughter, I hadn't thought of that, but I suspect that I would like to manage it myself."

"That is the idea exactly. Now the Major and I have talked it all over and we have concluded that we should like very much to have charge of the whole affair—every little detail, every little matter, and arrange, manage and control the whole proposition."

"That is all very good, daughter, but what am I going to do while you are doing that? I just can't



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

keep still. I must have something to do, or my old heart will burst for joy."

"Oh, you will have plenty to do. You know that you must have a fine broadcloth suit, shirts, ruffles, silk stockings, silver-buckle shoes and a new wig, queue and powder, and a lot of little things. I am sure you will be busy enough—enough for one dear old papa."

"Yes, and I'll get the wedding cards printed, and let's see—now to whom shall we send them? You had better make out a list for me, hadn't you?"

"Now, papa, let us not have any cards. They are not using them any more, and I don't think they are very pretty, anyway."

"Well, I don't know about these things, and it may be I would get them mixed up some. But we must make the announcement to the public. I'll see the newspapers and have them print the notice, and I am going to send a paper to old Mrs. St. Clair, and she will show it to her smart boy, Arthur. Say, daughter, won't that make things hum around there? I'll show 'em they can't get ahead of me. You see, Virginia, your father is a pretty wise old sawyer and there is no getting ahead of him when he sets out to do a thing. You will have to write out yours and his name so that I can have them put in the paper."

"Papa, you forget, don't you? I thought you were going to let the Major and I manage this wedding for ourselves? You see I shall have to talk it all over with him and settle on this thing and on that and so on. He is coming to-night and we will have a council, and if we cannot agree on matters, we shall call on you, and have my dear old papa installed



## Arthur St. Clair

---

as chief adviser. Now, father, I'll tell you what you can do."

"Well, I wish you would tell me something that I can do."

"You can get measured for a suit of clothes."

"That is so—I can do that. Where is my staff and I'll be off in a minute."

Helping the old gentleman on with his coat and cap, with cane in hand, she accompanied him to the door and watched him until out with the throng, he was moving along the street toward the city. And as she stood there watching him, she mused to herself:

"Poor old papa! What will he do when he finds out that his daughter is the chief mover in a plot to deceive him? I am afraid, when he does find it out, it will almost kill him; then I could never forgive myself for the wrong done him, if anything serious should happen. But he is getting old, and we can manage him some way and keep him from finding out that he is being deceived. I must look around now and keep him busy. Oh, I have it! I will make him go to the city for me every day and keep him doing odd jobs, and in that way he will have no chance to mix up in the arrangements for the wedding, except as I shall direct.

"Oh, father, I know it is cruelly wrong to deceive you thus, but love cannot be outdone, even if it is blind."

All to herself, she was busy planning and arranging things, but the hardest proposition was her father. There is no way that we can keep him from the



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

wedding. He will simply have to be there and it can't be avoided.

I shall wait until the Major comes, and we will plan together, and make father help us, too. That will certainly be clever! Have him help weave the rope with which he is to be hanged.

The Major came, as Virginia had expected, and many plans were talked over, pro and con, and the old gentleman had a sample of the broadcloth from which he had ordered his suit and was busy about telling of the many little purchases he had made that day and what else he intended getting. In this manner the evening wore along, and after awhile Virginia told the Major of her experience with her father and they had a good laugh over it, and yet they realized that he was getting hard to manage and no time could be lost.

"Oh, Virginia, I have it now! Look here! An order from the War Department for Company 'A,' First Regiment, to be transferred to New York, and that is my company."

"Let me show that to father without delay. And how soon do you have to go?"

"Oh, Virginia, I don't have to go at all. I just had it fixed up for the occasion, but then your father will be none the wiser, and it won't hurt him at all."

Virginia did not much like this thing of misrepresenting matters to her father, but this was such a small thing, compared to the real fraud she was imposing on him, that it seemed harmless.

"Look here, father! This is awful! And I was afraid something would happen, and now it has turned out as I expected."



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"What! Company 'A' called to New York City. Doubtless there must be some trouble brewing down there. Why, Virginia, this will interfere with our arrangements, won't it? What shall we do? What does the Major think about it, anyway?"

"Oh, papa, he is terribly distressed and worried about it! Come and see him and talk it over, won't you?"

"Major Arthur, this is too bad, and I am much disappointed, but of course military rules are unbending and must be obeyed. When do you think you will be transferred?"

"Any time—perhaps within the next twenty-four hours, and may be sooner."

"Hear that, daughter! What shall we do?"

"How long will you be away, Major?"

"That I cannot answer, but perhaps a year, and it may be that I shall never return, for I am not advised of the cause of the removal and where we shall be sent from that point."

"Well, well! This is a condition that must be met at once and shall we do it?"

"I'll tell you, papa, let us just have a nice, little, quiet affair of our own, here in our own home, with only a few invited guests. What do you say?"

"What does the Major say?"

"I have been accustomed to yielding to the commands of my superiors that I have little choice left for myself, and any arrangements that you and Virginia shall settle upon, will be so agreeable with me that I could not harbor a thought of dissension."

"When can you have the house in order and your



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

garments made? But you will have no time for ordering or making anything, will you?"

"Listen, papa, I can have everything in apple-pie order and all arrangements made by to-morrow evening at seven o'clock, if that will suit the Major?"

"I am satisfied, if it meets your approval, Virginia, and I shall proceed at once to get ready, but, my dear girl, I am afraid it will hurry you too much?"

"I shall be ready without haste or worry, my dear Major."

"It will hurry me some to get ready, daughter, by that time, but I guess I can, so with your permission, I shall set to work at once making my arrangements, for there are a good many things that I must look after."

"Certainly, father, you will be very busy. Good night!"

After the old fellow had left the room Virginia looked toward the door through which he had just passed, and then turning to Arthur, said:

"The dear, old, foolish fellow! He will be busier than a fish vendor at a dull market, trying to get himself ready for the occasion. But if he only knew what a surprise was in store for him. Fortunately, for us all, he don't know, and may not know until his objections are shorn of all harm.

"Come, now, my dear Arthur boy, and sit down here in this old leather divan in front of the fire, where we sat the other night when you surprised me so, and let us talk it all over again. No one is near and no one can hear, but you and I. Oh, how can I ever forgive you for the way you made me believe you were some one else?"



## Arthur St. Clair

---

Unmindful of the flight of time, two lives were lived over again; two hearts beat in rapport with sweet joy's oblivious smile. All their difficulties seemed settled. The old barrier was torn away and the gate into the land of happiness stood ajar.

### CHAPTER XVI

#### THINGS WILL HAPPEN

WHILE Virginia and her father were busy, the old gentleman was the busier of the two, and, of course, Arthur had some matters to look after. However, being a young man, and not having reached an age at which men become foolish, he took things pretty quietly. About the first thing he did the next morning, was to send for his old friend, Timothy Hogan, for he was feeling so very happy that he could not keep it bottled up any longer, and who better than Tim could he find to tell it. Soon after, a tap on the door of his room told him his old friend was on hand.

"Hello there, Tim, it is you, is it?"

"No, it's me, and did yeessind f'r me?"

"Yes, Timothy, I sent for you because I am in trouble."

"Trouble, is it? Will Oi loik to sa the mon thet u'd gin yeess trooble?"

"It's not a man, Timothy."

"Not a mon, thin who is it?"

"It's a woman."

"A woman! Sur'r now, lad, yeess be fooling wid me. How could a wooman gin yeess trooble?"



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Well, you see, Timothy, I am going to be married to-night at seven o'clock and you are in it."

"In it, did yeess say! Phat's the poor woman got ginst meself? Sur'e Oi niver so much as tipped me ould dirty cap to her."

"Yes, you have, and you are in it this time. I have already told her what a good, brave fellow you are, and how you fought the Indians with me, and she is so anxious to see you that I just had to promise her to bring you along with me."

"Ah, go lang wid yeess! Sur'r Oi loik to be talken wid a foin lady, but me regalia is not dacent enough f'r dress pr'rade."

"Come now, I am going to fix you as fine as a British corporal."

"Stop right there, lad. None yir sinuatin!"

"Say, Timothy, you will go with me, won't you?"

"Yis, lad, but Oi sooner go to war."

"Well, there is no war to go to any more."

"Who did yeess say we wer'r to marry?"

"We were to marry? Why, Tim, you are not going to marry anybody. I am the one that's going to get married, not you."

"Oi taught, Oi taught yeess sid wer'r goin' to be married, and thet meself was in it."

"Well, I meant that I wanted you to come along as the best man."

"Sur'r Oi'm the best mon this side of Ould Irland."

"Yes, your are right, Timothy."

"Say, lad, who are we goin' to marry anyway, and hev yeess talked wid her about it."

"Yes, I have talked it all over and everything is all right, and you will think so when you see her."



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"Who is she?"

"Virginia Luwalling."

"Virginia Luwallen! Holy St. Patrick, mon, do yees want to git yersilf kilt?"

"Oh, everything is all right, and don't get excited."

"Say, lad, where's Jim Luwallin'? Sur'r if hees thir, Oi'll be tillin him something—thet he bitter br'ring back yir father befur he has a widden."

"Now look here, Timothy! You are not going to make trouble, but to have a good time. Jim Luwalling does not know me at all with this beard, although I have been talking to him off and on since last Christmas. But Virginia does, and she understands the whole situation. While my beard has served as a disguise for me, yours will have to come off."

"Shave me face?"

"Yes, smooth as an onion."

"Listen, now when you get there, you must never let on who you are and be careful what you say. My name is Major Arthur and you must not say a word about the St. Clairs, and if Luwalling should talk to you, don't let on like you know him, and don't know yourself."

"Yis, Oi understand yees, and yir name is Major St. Clair, but who am Oi?"

"No, no, your not to say anything about the St. Clairs at all. Keep that in mind. If Jim Luwalling should recognize you and I he would kill us both. Now do be careful, for everything depends on how well you manage your part."

"Now commence to get yourself harnessed for the occasion. You must get that face trimmed up in a



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

respectable shape, then we will begin to fit the clothes on you. Here are gloves, stockings, shoes, shirts, coats, trousers and everything. So lay to it and rig yourself up like the brave old soldier that you are. You know you fought with my father, and you fought with me, and you are the best friend I have in the world."

"Yes, too, you must not let them know who you are. Tell them you are Mr. Brown—Billie Brown."

"Billie Brown! Th' Divil take yees! Me name Billie Brown wid this face on me? Why, mon, do yees want to hev me sint to the gar'rud house f'r obtainin' a name be false pretins? Sur'r me name is Timothy Hogan, dr'runk ur sober, and it's me name thet Oi'm pr'roud of."

"You and I, Tim, must keep our names a secret. No one must know them but we three. Virginia, my intended wife, will know you."

"Say, lad, is she goen to be ther wid yees? Thet little curly-headed gerril wid de brown eyes? Sur'r, lad, she'll be glad to sa her ould uncle Timothy Hogan, want she?"

"Yes, she will be delighted."

"Hev yees told her about me, so she want be after goin' into convoolshuns whin she sas me?"

"She will be prepared for the shock, if you are careful and calm yourself. But do be prudent, and don't speak a word until you are sure of what you are going to say. Now they have some good old Madeira in the cellar, but you'd better keep away from it, and don't let the servants bribe you into going where it is."

"Yees ur careful to tell the children whir they kape



## Arthur St. Clair

---

the bane bag, so thet they won't be after puttin' thim oop their noses, ain't yees?"

"Well, I guess you are old enough to know how to manage the temperance question when you get to it."

"Tru'r, but Oi dunt git to it. Oi won't heft to manage it, so O'll kape away fr'm it. Phat did yees say me name was?"

"Have you forgotten it this soon? How do you expect to tell them who you are if you cannot remember it five minutes?"

"Oi taught yees sid kape it to mesilf, so Oi furgot it quick as Oi could, thin I wouldn't be after tillin' it."

"I'd better write your name for you, and when you go in, the servant will take your card, instead of asking your name, and then will take you around and introduce you to the guests, and in that way you will not have any worry about who you are."

"Phat am Oi to do whin Oi'm introjuist?"

"Oh, sit down, walk around, or go and engage the ladies in conversation or anything to amuse yourself and have a good time. You must hurry up now and get ready. I want to see you in full dress, that I may know how you are going to look."

"Thir' how's me face?"

"Fine! It looks like the map of Ireland."

"It doos, doos it? And yees could tell me nativity on me face, could yees?"

"Yes, you look like an Irish Major at the head of a Dutch brigade."

"Will, Oi dun't know whither thets a distinction wid out a compliment ur not, but thin th' Irish Major sounds all right to me."



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Now, Tim, do be careful and put on something green."

"Niver yees moind, lad, whin Oi git the'r they'l not nade to turn on the skylight, Oi'll warrn't yees."

"Go right ahead now and get yourself all fitted out and be ready when I call you for inspection. I have several matters to look after and I shall expect you to take care of yourself and follow instructions to the letter."

The hours flew as "swift as the thoughts of love" and the evening shadows began to fall before Tim passed the final test and was approved by his good friend, the Major. The final instructions were given and a few cards prepared with his name thereon, which Tim could not make out to save his life, as he could not read without glasses, and of course had none with him.

The old gentleman had a very strenuous day of it, but finally, after much fuss and worry, got himself groomed and bewigged for the occasion and was as proud and mirthful as could be, though as busy as a hen with a flock of new hatched fledglings.

The servants in yellow and crimson livery had received their final instructions, and were at their stations by six o'clock, when the few invited guests began to arrive, and everything went as merry as a marriage bell.

Poor Tim had paid but little attention to the directions given and had a world of trouble to reach the place, but finally arrived there, and with trembling paused at the outer door, where he waited for some time, wondering why some one did not come out and invite him inside. After several persons had passed



## Arthur St. Clair

---

him on the steps of the portico, an alarm was raised that a strange man was hanging around on the outside, and a servant was sent out to learn what the intruder wanted.

"Beg pahdon, sah! What you all want around heah?"

"Phat yees all want here? Thir's nobuddy here but mesilf."

"Well, sah, what you all want?"

"Oi dun't want nothing out if the loiks of ye, and if Oi did Oi'd not be after axin' a blackgar-rud to be gittin' it for me."

"Yo am all 'truden on dis heah premsus, and Massa Luwallin' done comed out here and trow you out. Yo bettah all gwine waif frum heah."

"Oi'd loik to sa the mon thet could trow Tim Hogan out whin he ain't in. Oi fought minny a battle wid the British and wid the Injins, and Oi'l be fighten——"

The loud, boisterous noise had attracted the attention of Virginia, and she hurriedly sent the Major out to settle the trouble, who arrived just in time to hear his friend pronouncing the very thing that was to be kept a profound secret. Fortunately the old colored servant was so badly frightened he was unable to give any rational account of what had happened. Seeing the Major, poor Tim closed up like a steel trap.

"Why, hello there, Billie!" says the Major.

"Who the divil is Billie?"

"I say, old fellow, did you bring those papers?"

"Sur-r, mon! Here the wons ye gave me," handing the cards over to his friend.



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Well, come right along with me and we will see Miss Virginia about it."

Taking his old friend by the arm he led him into the hall and up the stairs to his room, all the time holding his hand over his mouth, and at the same time begging him to be quiet, for heaven's sake. After getting him in the room and the door securely bolted he made him sit down and keep quiet. It was so ludicrous and facetious that the Major could not hold himself any longer, but roared with laughter at Tim's expense, who could not see the fun at all, and began to get up his fighting temperature.

"What were you doing outside, Tim?"

"Why, mon, Oi was waitin' to be invited in, whin a black nager insoolted me. If Oi see him anny more Oi'll——"

"Come now, Timothy, you must not carry on that way. You will get us all in trouble, and Luwalling will kill you and I both, and drive Virginia from his home, and I know you do not want that done, do you?"

"Whir's Virginia, and Oi wander would she know me in me new clothes?"

"No, she will not know you at all, give yourself no uneasiness about that."

"But sur-r she'll be glad to sa me whin she knows Tim Hogan's here."

"Come now, that's not your name at all."

"Well, who the divil sed it woos."

"You must not use your name, nor mine, either, and I want you to remember that. My name is Major Arthur, and your name is——"

"Timothy Hogan."



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"Now, if you're going to stick to that name I'll just leave you locked in this room until it is all over, then I don't care whether you have a name or not. We are going to have something good to eat, and some wine to drink——"

"Begoory, Oi'd loik a little oof the wine now—me throat's gittin' husky!"

"Well, if you will promise me that you'll not make any mistakes about our names and keep quiet, and say nothing, only yes and no, I'll get you some, that will open your eyes and make you young again."

"Sur-r, Oi'll make the promise, but if Oi fail, thin Oi'll be layin' it oont' the wine."

"Yes, I suppose that you will find some way out of it; but if you're killed what will you do?"

"Die wid me boots on in the line of me jooty."

"Have you made your will and given directions for your funeral? If not, you had better do so, for I am sure you are going to get us both in a mix-up that will have a tragedy for the grand finale."

Opening a cupboard in the wall several bottles came in view, and drawing a cork the Major passed one over to his old comrade, who never stopped to examine the brand or count the cobwebs, but poured it down without stopping.

"Is it good, Timothy?"

It was some moments before Tim could answer, for he had held his breath so long in consuming the bottle of wine, that he had to take several gasps before he was fully recovered, when he gave his reply.

"Oi'll ex'rcise me constetoochenal right and withhold me jidgment, as the justice says."

"Until when?"



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"'Till Oi gita nuther'n, then Oi'll decide betwain thim."

"Suppose you don't never get any more?"

"Thin Oi'll always be in doubt."

"I am sorry to leave your mind in such a cloudy condition, but I am afraid too many bottles might confuse your judgment."

"Will, thin, lave me here in th' room and Oi'll write me opinion and hand it doown to-marrow marnin'."

"What would be your opinion?"

"Still in doubt."

"Now, you have had wine enough, come, get yourself ready. It will soon be seven o'clock and the wedding march will begin."

"Phat's the number of this room? Oi'm afr-raid Oi can't foind it inny mour."

"Never mind the number of the room, but brush up your hair a little and put on these white gloves, and try to look intelligent."

"Intelligent, is it? It is aisy to look intelligent, but it's divilish hard to be actin' it."

"Well, try both once, and see if you can make a hand at it."

"Now, come on, we must meet the bride, and lady friend, and I'll make you acquainted with them, when you must try and bow and show your manners."

The hour was close at hand, and coming out into the great upper hall they were met by Miss Virginia and her waiting lady and attendants.

The Major was presented and then, turning about, he led the poor fellow to the slaughter. "Miss Luwalling, this is Mr. Brown, an old friend of mine, whom I present to you as my best man."



## Arthur St. Clair

---

Tim, instead of bowing, gave a military salute and cut loose: "Holy St. Patrick and Virgin Mary! Oi'd niver known yees. How yees be grown since last I seed yees. Ye didn't hardly know yir ould fr-riend Timothy Hogan wid thes trimmin's on, did yees?"

Arthur seemed to not heed Tim's remarks, and presented him to the bridesmaid.

"Miss Worthington, my best man, Mr. Brown. He has been practicing on a little speech, which he is going to deliver, impersonating the character of Mr. Hogan, and he forgets himself."

The little break of Tim's caused a ripple of laughter, in which all joined but Arthur and Timothy, to whom it was by no means a laughing matter.

Poor Arthur began to think that his old friend would give the snap away in spite of all that could be done, and Tim, who thought he was playing his part well, could not see anything very funny, nor could he understand what the others were laughing at.

Just as the old wooden clock in the hall began to strike the hour of seven the first notes of the wedding march broke the silence, and whispering to his friend to watch what he did and do likewise.

Arthur stepped to the edge of the stairs, and offering his arm to the bride-to-be, they started on their journey, keeping step to the tempo of the march, followed by Tim and his lady, who had watched the gallant Major and profited thereby.

Down the great, old broad stairway, which circled at the bottom and led either way into the drawing-room on one side and the library on the other, they moved in delightful measures, keeping step with the music.



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

On reaching the hall below the bride and groom separated, and pausing for a moment until joined by the bridegroom and bridesmaid, when they moved around in a circle, each party going through separate rooms, until they reached the parlor, which they entered at separate doors, but again joined just in front of the good old parson, who was standing as straight as an arrow, and in waiting for them. All the guests were assembled in this room, while the servants looked on through the entrance to the other rooms. The sight was a very pretty one, and Tim was as proud as a peacock, and brave as a lion. Down the stairway and through the rooms he had kept the step with a whole lot of emphasis on the right foot, and every time he set that foot down there was a rattle around the windows. His eyes and face gave him a lot of trouble, and he was kept busy arching his eyebrows, puckering up his mouth, frowning, then smiling, then serious, and, last of all, trying to look intelligent.

When the little procession paused and all was quiet, the good old parson raised his voice, and broke the breathlike silence that had not been disturbed for some moments, except by Tim's breathing, which was exceptionally loud, and served the purpose of drawing attention to the beautiful grimaces that were thrown across his face.

"Who is here that can give away the bride?"

Now came the time for the Old Virginian to perform his part of the ceremony, and stepping forward, began:

"I, James Luwalling, the lawful and rightful guardian, protector and father of my daughter, Virginia Luwalling, do now publicly offer her as a sacrifice



## Arthur St. Clair

---

upon the shrine of holy matrimony to become the wife of—of—of——”

The old gentleman paused, stammered, cleared his throat, and the silence became painful. Arthur and Virginia were dumb with fright and dare not say a word. This little part of the ceremony had been developed by the old gentleman, but the strain was too much for him, and he forgot the latter part of it, and not knowing the Major's name, he found in his dilemma, he could not go through with it.

Tim seeing the old man in distress became interested, and while he had no love for Jim Luwalling, he was too kind-hearted to see anyone wanting or asking for anything, without getting his assistance, and so they did this time.

The old gentleman, while making his speech, walked back and forth along the side of the parson, and when he reached the point of distress he was back of him, facing an old darky, who stood holding a large bunch of white roses. And as the fellow hung his head, waiting for the word, Tim cut loose with a voice like a fog trumpet:

“Major Arthur St. Clair, your riverence!”

“Arthur St. Clair!” shouted the old man, and fell into the arms of his negro servant, who quietly carried him into his bedroom adjoining, and lay him down as tenderly as a sleeping babe.

All this had occurred without disturbing the parson, who did not see the old gentleman fall, but proceeded with the ceremony.

“And do you, Major Arthur St. Clair, accept the sacrifice?”

“I do,” came a weak, feeble voice, scarcely audible.



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"You may join hands. By the authority of God's Holy Laws and the laws of the land, I pronounce you man and wife."

### CHAPTER XVII

#### A SUNSET GLOW WITH RUBIES

Springtime came, with its bursting buds and blooming flowers, tintured with the sunshine and moistened by April showers. The warmth of the early spring acted as a tonic upon old Mr. Luwelling, and with the early season came renewed vigor, strength and energy. All during the winter months Virginia and Arthur watched over him as tenderly as a mother cares for her sick babe. Arthur, with his big, strong arms, lifted him about, as though he were only a child. The stroke of paralysis had entirely incapacitated him for months, during which time he was unable to speak a single word; but gradually his malady became diluted with his growing strength, until he was able to be around again, and talk a little.

It was some time after his speech returned before he had very much to say. Virginia and Arthur were with him nearly all the time, except when he was taking his walks. When the sparkle of the eye had returned, and he seemed much brighter, he began to take an interest in things about him, but had never manifested the slightest animosity toward his son-in-law, and the matter of their differences seemed to be entirely eradicated from his mind.

One afternoon there had fallen a warm April shower, and the sun shone beautifully through the



## Arthur St. Clair

---

trees and bursting buds, and the drops of water, as they hung on limb and twig, globed the world in sparkling gems, whose rays reflected in the evening sunlight like diamonds. The old gentleman seemed in a talkative mood, and Virginia and Arthur were listening and answering his many questions, when suddenly he paused and remained silent for a time, with his hands crossed on top of his walking staff, and his head bent down, and rested there. His actions attracted the attention of his children, who watched him with tender interest and affection. His gray hairs gathered about his shoulders, his aged and bent form greatly emaciated and hands atrophied, presented to them a picture that awakened the most tender sympathy, and they became alarmed, and Virginia began asking him questions, which he slowly and carefully answered, as though something was weighing upon his mind. Arousing himself from his stooping position, he turned partially around toward his old enemy, and eying him for a moment began:

"This is Arthur St. Clair, is it—the son of Major St. Clair, whom I used to know, and whom I loved like a brother? My boy, how you have grown since we all lived down in Old Virginia! Oh! how I would like to live there again, and hear the good old darkies singing their sweet melodies, down in the cotton, corn and cane, and hear once more their peals of laughter, and see them roll on the little cabin floors. But then that is all past now for me, and no more will I see them hoe the corn and cotton and strip the blades of cane, and I shall not again hear them singing their merry songs I loved so well when I was young."

"This is Arthur St. Clair, is it?"



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Gracious boy, how you've grown since the time you and Virginia used to play together when you were children. How pretty you were, and how your father loved you, but that has been a long time ago, and I suspect that I have helped much in making the time seem long. I could have subdued my feelings, and if I had tried as hard to forgive and forget, as I did to revenge an imaginary wrong, it would have all been forgotten long ago.

"I reckon your mother has been dead some years, has she not? Poor Mrs. St. Clair, how I pity her, for she has suffered no one knows how much, and I have been blamed for it all! God knows, that I never took the life of your father, Arthur, my boy, and never harmed him in the least. Your mother always thought so, and told me she believed that I had killed and robbed him, and that almost killed me, and made me dreadfully angry at her.

"But she is dead now, is she?"

"No; my mother is alive and well."

"Live and well! You don't say so?"

"How I should like to see her and ask her forgiveness. I reckon it was a great wrong to take the old plantation away from her, but in my wrath I looked for nothing but revenge; all the kindly and better qualities in me seemed to have been dormant. I can see now how wrong I did! Took the old home from her, where she was born and bred, and how she loved that place. Drove her out into the world, and took all her property. Oh! I must have been blind!

"And your mother is well, is she? Now, isn't that good. But I suppose she has suffered more than can ever be told, and how can I atone for the wrongs that



## Arthur St. Clair

---

I have done her? Poor Mrs. St. Clair! Was woman ever so grievously wronged? It was not enough for me to see her suffer the loss of her dear husband, but to that sorrow I added the pangs of the loss of home and youthful surroundings. Oh! dear—dear!”

The old man's palsied hands went to his staff, and the whitened head bent low, while his frame shook with grief's convulsive throb, and from his old eyes there ran a flood of salted sorrow and fell to the floor. Virginia and Arthur turned their heads away from the painful scene, for it brought to them the troubled sea, upon whose storm-tossed waters they had struggled for years.

The flood of grief seemed to relieve the old gentleman of his distress, and after while he looked up and addressed his children:

“Come here, Virginia and Arthur, come up close to me, for I want to tell you something, and I want you to help me, will you?”

“Why, father, certainly—what is it you would have us do for you?”

They came up close to the poor old man, and kneeling down by his side each took hold of one of his palsied hands and, looking up in his face, inquired what they could do to help him.

“Ah! my dear children, you worked a great surprise on your poor old father, and certainly no man was ever more completely fooled than I. You little rascals! How can I punish you? Think how you pretended to be helping me to get ahead of one of my supposed enemies, never dreaming that I was the only foe I had. It is all very plain now, but I shall get even with you some time, but for the present I



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

forgive you both, with all my heart. My dear children, how good and kind you have been to me! Now I want you to help me surprise your mother, Arthur. How she has been wronged! We must do all we can to right the evil done, and make her happy. Does she know what has happened?"

"Yes, father, we have written her and told her of our marriage."

"Let me see, what can we do for her?"

"Say, papa, why not give the old plantation back to Arthur's mother, and let us go down there and live like we did when Arthur and I were young?"

"Oh! my dear daughter, the place is so badly in need of repairs, I could not have the heart to turn the property back to poor Mrs. St. Clair until it has been made to look just like it did when she was a girl."

"Yes, papa, it has been repaired and put in order. I sent the letter you had written to your agent, and he replies that he has it almost finished, but that he is unable to obtain the furnishings, since he does not know how they were, and wants you to send some one down to take charge of that part of the work. Was that what he said, Arthur, dear?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"I wonder whom we could find that could do that work the way it should be done?"

"You could go, couldn't you, Arthur?"

"No! no! Arthur, my boy, you must not think of leaving me, for I can never let you go. I cannot get along without you. You remind me so much of your father, and you must never leave me."

"Whom can we get, Arthur, to do this work for papa, since he is not willing to let you go?"



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"Our old friend, Timothy Hogan, is the only person in the world that can be trusted to do it right."

"Timothy Hogan! Is he still living? Well, bless my stars! I thought him dead a long time ago, for I haven't seen him for years."

"You forget, papa, you saw him at our wedding."

"Did I? Well, I reckon that I did, but failed to recognize him."

"You did not know him, although he was there, and acted as Arthur's best man."

"Arthur's best man? Was that Tim Hogan that stood beside you making the grimaces, breathing like a porpoise, and balled out your name like a fog trumpet?"

"Yes, papa, none other than our dear old Timothy Hogan."

"Well, well! I guess I'm getting old and can't see very good any more, for I never dreamed of him. How I must have been fooled. An old fool is the biggest fool of all, anyway. Send for him at once, and do not delay a moment."

"Now, Arthur, you and daughter must go down to the city to-morrow and get linens, silverware, carpets, rugs and all kinds of furnishings, as nearly like the old ones as possible. Get the draft you would not accept from me as shopping money and use it, and if you need any more, go to the bank and draw out what you want, but do not stop for expenses. I wish you would run over my account at the bank and get my balances for me, will you, my boy?"

"Certainly, I shall be glad to do so."

"Oh! I almost forgot to ask you. When did your company get back from New York?"



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Company back from New York? Why, father, how was that?"

"You know there were orders from the War Department for you to be transferred to that city, and I wanted to know when you came back?"

"Oh, papa, Arthur and I just fixed up that little matter for you, so you would consent to a hasty wedding. He didn't have any order at all from the War Department."

A troubled expression hung on the old man's face for a moment as he eyed his daughter closely, noting the merry laughter, which her face indicated. He then turned to Arthur and gave him the same inquisitive research, and saw a smile playing around his mouth, and it dawned on him that he had been fooled again. Seeing the hard lines soften across his countenance, they both burst into a hearty laugh, and Virginia, kneeling down at her father's side, put her arms around his neck and kissing his cheeks, said to him half jokingly:

"You don't care now, do you, papa?"

"You little, naughty girl! How could you have the heart to play such tricks on your poor old father?"

"Why, papa, we had to handle you some way, for you were getting troublesome, and it didn't hurt you any, did it?"

"Yes, yes, I see it all now. You had to make a fool out of me, and I guess you did it handsomely. And Arthur didn't go to New York at all?"

"Why, no, papa, we just had that to make you believe he had to go at once."

"All right, children, I forgive you again, and will keep on forgiving you so long as your little tricks



## Arthur St. Clair

---

turn out so much to my happiness and good cheer. But you certainly had this Old Virginian guessing some.

"Well, now, you must go right ahead with your planning. Oh! there is one thing that I had almost forgotten. I am so forgetful. The deed—the deed!"

"Why, father, what deed do you mean?"

"The deed to Mrs. St. Clair, Arthur's mother, that must be made, signed, sealed and delivered before these old eyes are closed."

"Father, you can do that to-morrow. There is no hurry about it."

The old gentleman became a little angered, and stamping his cane upon the portico floor, indicated his displeasure at the suggested delay, and replied with a little temper.

"Not so, my daughter. I will not wait a minute! I have been putting off all my good deeds too long now. I must not delay, for God's touch has so unnerved my arm I can no longer write my name, and I dare not wait for the second warning. For he cometh where the winds listeth. Send a servant for my notary, that has drawn my papers for me, and tell him to come at once, and bring a blank deed of conveyance.

"You, my children, must go and live with her, and comfort her all you can in her declining years."

"And you must come, too, papa, and we will all live together again."

"Poor Major St. Clair! How I wish I knew what became of him. Of late I have been thinking of him, and last night I saw him, old, broken and gray, like



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

myself. How I have prayed to God that I might know what became of him."

"Papa, you will know some day, and your prayers will be answered. Isn't everything turning out all right?"

"Yes, daughter, better than I knew, and better than I ever expected."

"Here is the notary, father, tell him what you want, and here is your packet of old deeds and papers."

"Daughter, please hunt out the deed for the old Allen farm, as we used to call it."

"Here it is—I guess that is the one."

"Now, Mr. Notary, draw a deed of general warranty, for all my interest in the land and property described in this instrument, conveying it in fee simple, clear of all encumbrances, to Mrs. Major Arthur St. Clair."

"Yes, sir."

Scratch, scratch, went the old quill over the paper for some time, and at last the notary read what he had written, then stopped to inquire for the witnesses.

"Sign your name right there on that line."

"You must write it, for my hand is so afflicted I cannot use the quill any more."

The deed is soon signed, sealed, and witnessed, and the notary paid and gone.

"Now, Arthur, here is the deed to your poor old mother for her lands, and the delivery of it, I trust to you. You must send some one for her and have them take her down into Old Virginia, on the old plantation home. And if your father could only be there with us, how happy we would be. We will all get ready in a few days, when Tim gets the house fur-



## Arthur St. Clair

---

nished, and, like Jacob of old went down into Egypt, with his household, so will we journey back to the lands of our nativity, where you, my children, first saw the light, and where the mocking birds entrance the listing air with their sweet songs; the evening zephyrs sigh, and the soft mellow moonlight, in silver sheen, paints the nightland with the magic wand of her gentle nature.

"Give me your arm, my boy, and help me to my room. This has been a great day, and I feel like I have done some good, and can sleep well after knowing that I have tried to right the wrongs done in my younger days."

Good old Timothy Hogan was given a *carte blanche*, and sent down in Virginia to repair, restore and refurnish the old Allen home and plantation grounds. He was the busiest and the happiest he had ever been in all his life, and it was not long until he had the old place back to its former condition and beauty. Not a single detail escaped him, and the thought uppermost in his mind was to please Mrs. St. Clair. Up early and late, working, directing and watching. Not a moment to lose, for he must have everything in place before she came, and he was expecting her any time.

One day in June, when his work was about completed, Tim went on a tour of inspection to ascertain if any possible detail had been overlooked. Nothing escaped him, even the very smallest of matters had his attention. Walking around the premises, looking up at the fine old mansion; the fences, the outbuildings; the barns, trees, flowers and shrubs; the lawn and walks were all put in the finest condition. As the dif-





"Sur-r as me name is Hogan it's thim. Oi'm glad  
they didn't sa me farst."

(Arthur St. Clair.)—P. 189.







## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

ferent parts of the work were put in order, Tim would say to himself:

“Sur-r, Oi hope thet will be suiten Mrs. St. Clair.”

While standing out in front of the old portico, his attention was attracted by the clatter of horses' hoofs, and looking about he saw a carriage approaching the house. Screening his eyes with his hands to see who was coming, he chuckled to himself:

“Sur-r as me name is Hogan it's thim. Oi'm glad they didn't sa me farst. Oi want thim to look around a bit.”

Tim moved away out of their sight and watched from his hiding place, to see who it was and what they would do. Poor Mrs. St. Clair could hardly believe her own eyes. There before her in the noonday sun was her old plantation home of her childhood. Its walls were white as they once were; the old broad veranda, with its mighty columns were there, as of old; and the roof of slate and dormer windows, all as they used to be. The old colored lady got down first and helped Mrs. St. Clair to get out, and they started toward the house.

“Here Aunt Chloe is the wild rosebush at the corner, and its bloom is as fragrant as when I was a girl. How I used to wear a bunch of them on my bosom, when looking for the Major. Chloe, I wish you would do so for me now—pick the largest and reddest, and pin them right here.”

“Dah, Honey! dem's like what Ise done pinned on youse when you and de Majah wah young.”

Poor Tim had crept up close to the corner of the house that he might hear, but when he heard what they



## Arthur St. Clair

---

had to say it touched his heart and he slipped away out of their sight to drop a tear.

"Come, Chloe, let us go inside. The door seems open, although there is no one here to welcome us."

"Why, Honey, it am jis' like it wah befo' we all done went away!"

"Yes, Chloe, and I wonder who has caused it all. Some one has been here, who knew how it was before, and who could it have been. Here is the great broad hallway and the old oaken stairs, just like it was when I was a little girl. Here is the parlor, drawing and dining room, with furnishings, linens and silverware—how like the same?"

"Now, if I could only see my husband! Poor Major! and my dear Arthur boy! Oh! Chloe, these things recall to mind the love, the joy and happiness of former years, and I could sit here and dwell in memory's sacred precincts and weep until dissolved by the flood of my own tears."

"Oh, Missum, it am suah nuff gwine come out all right, fo dem coffee grounds done told me so dis mon'in'."

"Why, here is the old clock I sold at my sale! I wonder how they got it back. There hangs the Major's sword," and seizing the scabbard kissed it fervently.

"Yes, it has all been planned by some one, whose heart is in sympathy with human suffering. Perhaps a desire to undo a wrong has been the motive."

"Oi begs yir pardon, Misses St. Clair, but sur-r Oi'm glad to sa yee."

"Oh! Timothy, this is some of your work!"

"Yis, ma'am, Oi hopes yir not displeased wid it!"



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Oh! no, Timothy; and I thank you very kindly. But have you seen my Arthur boy since he went away?"

"Yees be manen the Major, do yees?"

"No, Arthur, my boy?"

"Oh! sur-r have Oi said him? Minny a toime, and he'll be coming soon, and there ba some wan wid him—or mane he—yes, ma'am, hee's well, and he's a fine Major."

"Major?"

"Yis; and Oi mane hee's been mar—or, Oi mane hee's a man now, you know."

"Oh! yes, certainly he is; and if he were only here."

Aunt Chloe had been on a tour of inspection and ran right on to Tim before she saw him.

"Why, Tim Hogan, am yo all heah?"

"Sur-r, an' as handsome as Oi was whin a boy!"

"Well, yo nebber gwine to take de prize at de buty show; but you am suttently good 'bout fixen up de old plantation fah de missum."

"Come, Honey, Aunt Chloe wants yo cum right 'long up to yo old bedroom. Ah gwine dress yo up dis like Ah ust to do, when yo wah young, and fix yo haih wid dees huah wild roses, and den Ah gwine get suppah in de old din'en room, while yo must go out and sot down on de ol' merandah. Come on now, Honey!"

After a while Mrs. St. Clair, all dressed in white, with the wild flowers entwined about her silvery locks, came slowly down the oaken stairs, and out on to the veranda, where she had sat a thousand times before. There she remained lost in a delirium of thought, while from the kitchen came Aunt Chloe's melodious



## Arthur St. Clair

---

voice, with more harmony than ever before, as she sang one song after another.

Timothy was seeing the proudest day of his life. He had done it all, but the good honest soul that he was, enjoyed his merits all to himself, for he never mentioned it to others. Walking about the premises, as though there might be something more that he could do, to further please Mrs. St. Clair, he observed her sitting where he had seen her many times, in years gone by, and he thought she looked like she did, when first he saw her. He began to get nervous and wished that Arthur would come, that he and Virginia might enjoy what was so much a delight to himself, and in his anxiety he had not long to wait.

Here came another carriage up the gravelly way, and Tim's old heart tried to get out from under his green vest, for he was certain that the expected was coming, at last. But he concluded it best to wait where he was, and not let them see him.

On came the carriage and driving up the great broad way in front of the house, they stopped and the occupants began to get out. Arthur first, who assisted Virginia, then her father. Mrs. St. Clair had not taken any notice of what was taking place, but seemed lost in her own meditation. She had been observed by the occupants of the carriage, but not recognized until they came up close to the steps. Wakening from her reverie, she looked up, her face, though pale and sad, bore the likeness of her younger days.

"Mother!"

"Arthur, my boy!"

Was repeated almost simultaneously. Arthur had clasped his mother to his manly breast and upon her



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

pale and trembling lips pressed a kiss of warm devotion. His mother clung to him, as though she were afraid he might get away from her again, and after relaxing her hold, still held to his arm, and looking anxiously into the face of the little lady beside him, inquired:

"Who is this?"

Arthur pressed the little woman to his heart, with a kiss, and releasing her, said:

"The dearest person in all the world, mother, dearer to me than life. It is Virginia, my wife."

"Oh, my dear child, my daughter!" and Mrs. St. Clair clasped her to her throbbing heart.

Old Mr. Luwelling had watched the salutations just given, and was much affected. Mrs. St. Clair turned slowly toward the old man, with her arm still around her new found daughter-in-law, and with her right hand extended towards her old enemy, approached him. Their hands met and clasped, but their old hearts were too full of emotion to permit an expression. Standing thus without having exchanged glances, the grasp gradually slackened, and turning away from each other, they sought solace and comfort in silence.

Arthur and Virginia went into the old house arm in arm, and through the rooms, up the stairs, through the halls and down again. Then out in the dining-room, where they heard some one singing, in the great old kitchen, and of course must see at once who it was. Pushing the door open gently, they walked in. Aunt Chloe looked at them, her big eyes almost ready to jump out of her head.



## Arthur St. Clair

---

"Why Aunt Chloe, don't you know your Arthur boy!"

"Foah de Lawd sake! Am dat you, Honey?"

Aunt Chloe wiped the flour from her hands, and came quickly toward them, and as she did so, Arthur said to her:

"Aunty, you don't know who this is, do you?"

"Deed, Ah don't, honey, but Ah specs it am sum buddy yo old Aunty horter know."

Just then Virginia threw her arms around the old darkey's neck, saying as she did so:

"Why, Aunty, don't you remember your little Virginia?"

"Jinnie Luwallen! Why, chile, yo done sprize dis heah old woman till she gwine had de palpation of de ha't. Why, honey, you deah chile! Gord bress yo boaf."

"Ah knowed de coffee grounds suah nuff tole de troof. Ah low yo all gwine cum back some time. Look heah, honey, what Aunt Chloe dun got! Look heah, chile—a leddah. Yassum, dat am de leddah yo all rote you muddah, an suah nuff Ah's dun had it right heah in my old boosom ebbah sens. And Ah tell yu chillen hit done driv de old rumatics away, mos'en de time."

Arthur and Virginia moved on around the house and grounds, from place to place, from room to room, from flower to flower, and in their journey came across Timothy, who was so happy to see them he couldn't hardly hold himself. As soon as he seen them approaching him, began talking and laughing, and as they came up close to him, Virginia with a merry laughter, saluted him:



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"Major Arthur St. Clair, yir riverence!"

"Ha! Ha! How are you, Timothy, any way?"

"Sur'r foin! foin! And how's the two of you? And Oi hope yir will and happy. Say, lad, the ould diggins be loiken foin, ain't she? Oi tell yees, lad, Oi hopen it places yir mither, fir Oi wouldn't be after haven her dissatisfied fir all the wor'ruld, lad, for all the wor'ruld."

Virginia got hold of one of Tim's arms and Arthur a hold of the other, and the three went through the grounds together, while Tim's old tongue was oiled with a lubricant that set it running, and many a fine story he told them. Not noting the flight of time, they came close around the house, and as they drew near the old kitchen door, they were accosted with a merry laughter. Aunt Chloe had been watching and looking for them.

"You chillen bettah all git ready fo yoah suppah. De biscuit am hot an de coffee am a bilin'. Come right on now, an you, too, Tim, foah Ah gwine tell yo foshen wid de grounds."

"Gwan thir now! Oi'll be dr'rinken yir coffee an aten yir hot biscuit, but sur'r Oi'l not be after heven me fairtion told wid de gr'ounds."

Aunt Chloe did not wait for Tim's reply, but darted back into the great old kitchen to attend to something. Soon she appeared at the door again with further directions.

"Artie, yo and Jinnie go and brung yo foddah and muddah to de suppah, for hit am now al ready and waiten."

A few evenings later, when the sunset glowed with rubies, and all nature was folding her arms for the



## Arthur St. Clair

---

night's somber repose, the shadows were falling far out toward the great highway, all the family had gathered upon the old portico, and rustic seats about the front of the house, chatting merrily over the events of the past. Tim and Chloe were occasionally exchanging compliments, while Arthur and Virginia were very much occupied with each other. Mr. Luwalling was detailing to Mrs. St. Clair, the full particulars of how he had been managed, fooled and surprised by Arthur and Virginia, and the part that Timothy had taken. All of this was very interesting to her, and she listened attentively to every detail, when Tim called out that there was some one coming up the driveway, carrying a package and walking with a cane.

"Who is it, Timothy?" inquired Arthur.

"Sur'r it's a mon!"

"Don't you know who it is?"

"Niver in all me loif hev Oi seed him!"

Coming up in front of the house, he paused and looked about at different objects, and seemed to take an interest in everything, point here and there with his cane, and would then move up a little closer, and stop again. All were now watching him closely, as he came up nearer to where they were sitting. He paused at the steps and looking inquiringly at each of them, and waiting as though undetermined what to say, he stood there some moments, then began with a very weak, piping voice:

"Who lives here?"

"Major Arthur St. Clair, sir," replied Tim.

"Major Arthur St. Clair," repeated the old man slowly. "Major Arthur St. Clair! I thought the



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

place looked familiar. Yes, here is the old veranda, with its great white columns; there is the wild rose bush (stepping over and plucking a flower) and its perfume is as sweet as in the years of long ago. Here are the old locust trees, and the hard gravelly walks, all just like they were. Yes, this must be the place!"

"But who are you?"

"Timothy Hogan, sir!"

"Why, man, is this Timothy Hogan?"

"Sur'r Oi'm Timothy Hogan!"

"Do you not know me, Timothy?"

"Nah, Oi don't know yees!"

"And you are Timothy Hogan, and don't know your old friend?"

"Sur'r Oi'm Hogan, alright, and Oi may know yees, when Oi knows ye, but Oi don't know yees now!"

Tim went up closer to the old man and looked him over very closely and then shook his head, with the remark:

"Yees do be looken loik the mon Oi wance knew, but thin that mon is dead, and sur'r yir not the wan. Oi reckon yees could'n be the loiks of Major St. Clair thet wint away wid Jim Luwallen, could yees, f'r hee's been dead morn than twinty yars. Although be the Holy St. Patrick, yees do be looken loik him, ur me name 's not Timothy Hogan."

"Arthur St. Clair dead! Can it be possible? Dead! Dead! Then I am not he!" Turning slowly around, repeating half audibly to himself, as he did so, "Dead, dead," and as he began moving away, Tim came up close to him, and took him by the arm, and leading the way over to a seat, motioned for Arthur to come,



## Arthur St. Clair

---

and sitting down beside him, they began to ply him with questions.

The poor old fellow was cleanly clad in a coarse home spun, that had seen better days, and in one hand he carried a walking staff and in the other a package of something tied up in an old blue handkerchief.

"My dear sir, were you looking for someone?"

"Yes, my boy, I have come along way to find the home of Major St. Clair, the Old Allen Farm."

"Well, you have found it. This is the very place."

"Who lives here now?"

"Major Arthur St. Clair."

"What! Does Major Arthur St. Clair live here now?"

"Yes, sir, he is living here at the present time."

"Where is he?"

"I am he."

"You, lad! You Major St. Clair?"

"Why, yes, sir! Is there anything strange about that?"

"Yes, there is a mystery here, that I can not understand. I thought all the time that I was Major St. Clair. How can it be?"

"Oh, you must be mistaken, are you not? You cannot be Major St. Clair, for he has been dead for many years. He once lived in this house, and he was my father."

"And he was your father, and he once lived here, but has been dead many years?"

"He disappeared many years ago, while I was a small boy, and has never been heard of since, and we believe him dead."





“What! Does Major Arthur St. Clair live here now?” “Yes, sir, he is living here at the present time.”

(Arthur St. Clair.)—P. 198.







## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

"And you are the son of Major St. Clair, that once lived in this house? Strange, indeed! Who is the old gentleman on the portico yonder?"

"That is James Luwalling."

"James Luwalling, did you say?"

The old man struggled to his feet, and advancing toward his old friend, shouted to the top of his voice:

"Jim! Jim! Speak, man! Don't you know me? Don't you know your old friend, the Major?"

By this time Mr. Luwalling had gotten on his feet and advanced as fast as he could. Their hands clasped, as James Luwalling exclaimed:

"Major St. Clair, as sure as I'm alive!"

The old man as he had advanced toward his friend, in his excitement, he dropped the package he had been carrying, and rushing back picked it up, and quickly returning to his friend, exclaimed with much excitement:

"Here's the money, Jim! Here it is! I did not take it! I have not touched it! Here it is just like I received it! Come, Jim, don't blame me! I could not help it!"

This was too much for Timothy, and he cut lose with a running talk that was hard to follow. While Mrs. St. Clair was up and had her arms about the Major, Tim went on.

"Holy St. Patrick, if yees ain't me ould fr'rind the Major, thin me name's not Hogan. And how yeve changed, and whir hev yees bin all the toime, fir the last twinty yars? Sur'r weve all bin think'n ye dead, or at least we've had a strong suspicion uv it."

Tim put things in good shape, and Arthur and



## Arthur St. Clair

---

Virginia were soon about the old man with many questions. Then came Aunt Chloe, who was much excited.

"My lan, am dat yo, Majah Ahthur? Yo shoah am been gon long while, but Ah dun tell em, yo am gwine come back, fo dat am what de coffee grounds dun say all de time."

"Gord bress yo, Majah! Ah knowed yo gwine com back!"

When Aunt Chloe run down in her flood of ecstasies, Mrs. St. Clair still clinging to her husband, kindly queried, with tears across her face, and a tremor in her voice:

"Where have you been, Major, all these long years?"

The old man with a trembling voice, and scarcely audible a few yards away, began a brief narrative, while all listened, with a breathless silence, to his story.

"It seems but last night, we were at the ford, James and I, and paused upon the banks to look at the terrible floods, as they rushed along, in madden swirl. James pushed on ahead, and ere my horse had entered the current, a limb was blown from the timber, and fell across my head and shoulders. It was a terrible blow, and I have known nothing for years. Some weeks ago, the asylum of North Carolina burned down, and I suppose in trying to get out of the building I fell or was thrown from an upper story. The first thing that I remember clearly, I was out in front of the burning building trying to extinguish the flames in my clothing. They told me, that all the time I was there, I was talking of Jim Luwalling's money."



## Of Old Fort Recovery

---

Mrs. St. Clair, seeing that he was greatly excited, and not fully restored to his normal condition, begged him to come in the house, and directed old Aunt Chloe to prepare some supper for him.

The next day an old gray-haired man walking slowly with a cane and a gray-haired woman by his side could be seen going about the old plantation, and looking here and there, stopping a little while to cull a flower, then moving slowly, and pausing to rest awhile under the branches of the old stately trees, then moving on again. Coming around to the old wild rose bush they paused and Mrs. St. Clair, plucking a rose, held it up to the Major's face, and saying:

"Here, my dear, is your favorite rose."

"Yes, my dear, and its fragrance is as sweet, as in the long ago, when at evening time I used to come, and you met me with a cluster on your bosom."

"Yes, a long time ago, and yet it seems but yesterday."

Days, weeks, months and years came and went, and the three old friends lived in peace and harmony. The twilight of old age, with its shadows, grew deeper hued, as they fell farther to the east, and a ruddy glow of life's ending day, gently tinged into death's somber shade, and their lives went out as peacefully and quietly as the summer day lets down her curtain of night.

THE END.







# BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO'S

## NEWEST BOOKS

All Bound in Silk Cloth and Gilt. Many Illustrated

### Fiction

The Eyes at the Window (beautifully bound, with embossed jacket)—Olivia Smith Cornelius.....	\$1.50
Next-Night Stories—C. J. Messer.....	1.25
Arthur St. Clair of Old Fort Recovery—S. A. D. Whipple.....	1.50
Barnegat Yarns—F. A. Lucas.....	1.00
Jean Carroll, with six illustrations—John H. Case	1.50
As a Soldier Would—Abner Pickering.....	1.50
The Nut-Cracker, and Other Human Ape Fables—C. E. Blanchard, M.D.....	1.00
Moon-Madness, and Other Fantasies—Aimée Crocker Gouraud (5th ed.).....	1.00
Sadie, or Happy at Last—May Shepherd.....	1.50
Tweed, a Story of the Old South—S. M. Swales..	1.50
The White Rose of the Miami—Mrs. E. W. Ammerman.....	1.50
The Centaurians—Biagi.....	1.50
The Reconstruction of Elinore Wood—Florenz S. Merrow.....	1.50
A Nest of Vipers—Morgan D. Jones.....	1.50

### Religious Works

The Disintegrating Church—Frederick William Atkinson.....	1.00
Evolution of Belief—J. W. Gordon.....	1.50
Down Hill and Up Hill—Rev. J. G. Anderson..	2.00
A Certain Samaritan—Rev. John Richelsen.....	1.00
The Reunion of Christendom—Francis Goodman	1.50
What the Church Is and What It Should Be—Lafayette Swindle.....	1.50
A Harp of the Heart. (Poems)—Rev. Chas. Coke Woods.....	1.00
The Gospel Parables in Verse—Rev. Christopher Smith.....	.75
Who? Whence? Where? An Essay by Pedro Batista.....	1.00
Compendium of Scriptural Truths—Marshall Smith.....	1.25
The Passion Play at Ober Ammergau—Esse Esto Maplestone.....	1.00
Israel Lo Ammi—Ida M. Nungasser.....	1.00











OCT 21 1911

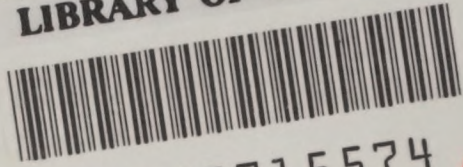


One copy del. to Cat. Div.

OCT 21 1911



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00022715574

